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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXV
No. 2284
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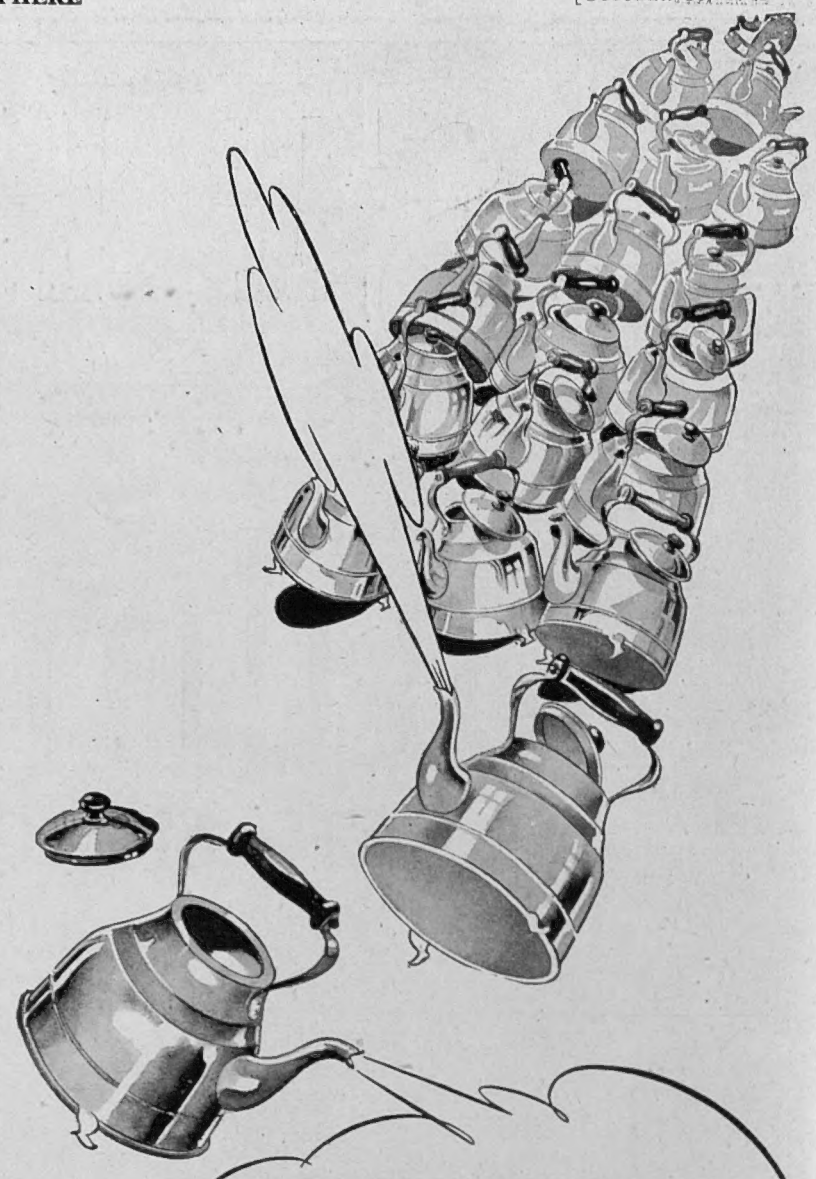

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Volume CLXXV No. 2284 The SPHERE, London, October 30, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

A DRAMATIC INCIDENT DURING THE AIR WAR OVER EUROPE: A WING BREAKS OFF A FLYING FORTRESS DURING A DAYLIGHT BATTLE, and the stricken bomber begins to turn over as it starts on the way down to earth

This picture illustrates one of the hazards which the big American bombers have to face daily in their attacks on Germany and German-occupied Europe. A formation of Fortresses were flying over heavy cloud towards their objectives when they were attacked with disastrous results for one of their number. Whether as the consequence of an onslaught by fighters or by flak, the Fortress at the top of the picture was hit : half a wing broke off—it can be seen clearly in the air—and flame appears to be coming from the remaining half. The bomber has already begun to turn over, just as the plane begins to dive down to earth. If conditions are favourable the crew may be able to take to their parachutes before the inevitable crash. Meanwhile, the remainder of the formation ploughs on steadily towards the target. Despite the danger of heavy losses, the daylight bombing by the American Air Forces is steadily reducing Germany's capacity to wage war, because of the precision methods which can only be applied when the target below is clearly visible to the bombers above

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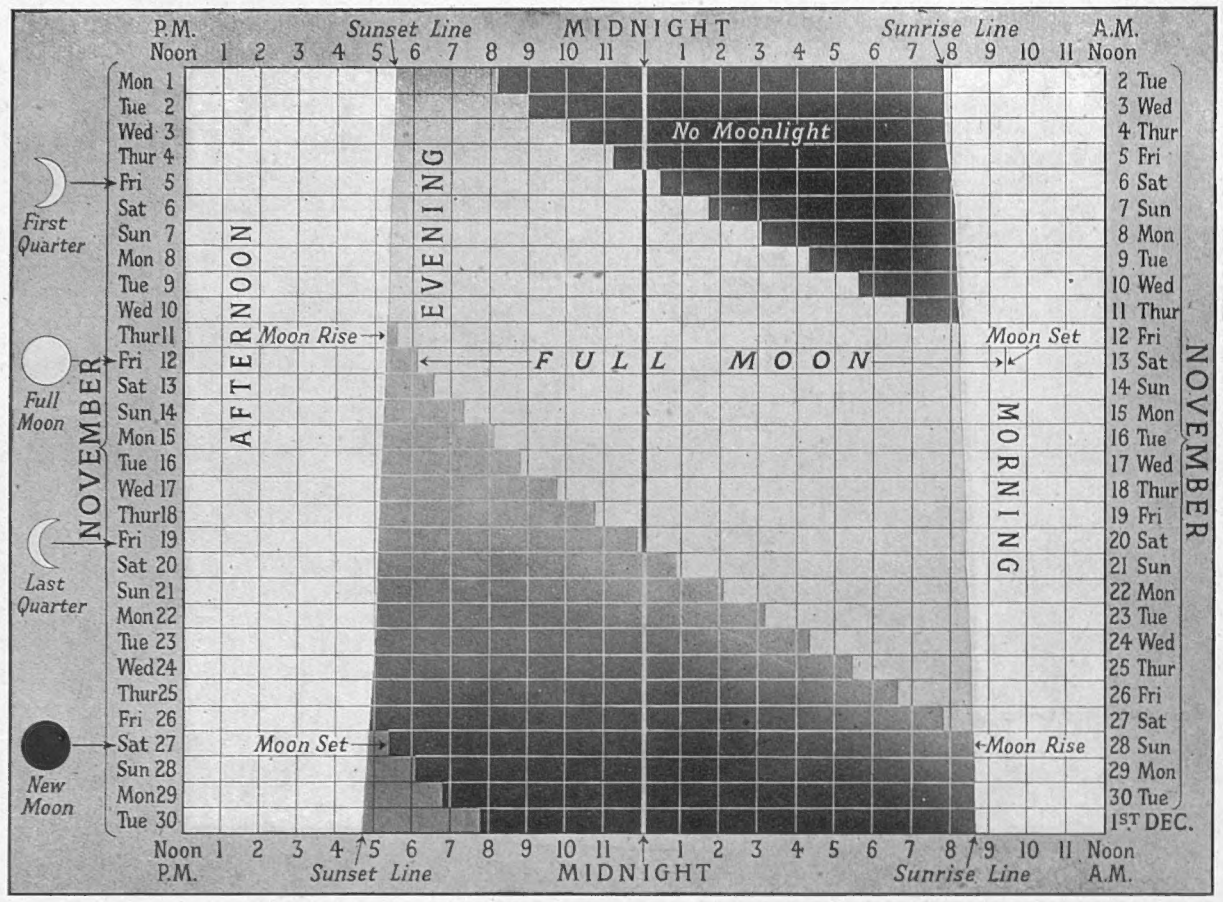
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 217

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

In Moscow.—What are they talking about behind closed doors in Moscow? I wish I had the magic carpet and the invisible cloak. These things my coupons cannot buy. I fall back on myopic and frail prophecy. M. Stalin is not directly concerned with the day-to-day activities of this Conference. He is represented by M. Molotoff, but M. Molotoff, I feel sure, will represent very faithfully the views of his Chief. It is probable that Stalin will address the Conference, and undoubtedly he will see the visiting Foreign Secretaries more than once. Accordingly, it is reasonable to write "Stalin," whoever be his representative during any session of the Conference. Stalin and his side, I fancy, forcibly if courteously, are using the occasion for one single purpose—to press upon the Democracies the urgent need *now*, this year, *before* the spring of 1944, for a *Second Front* (that conténtious term, which we shy at, baldly brought into use again), with its meaning exactly defined as "a vast-scale amphibious operation on the coast of occupied Europe contiguous to Britain; somewhere, that is to say, between Lofoten and Ushant." Nothing else will do. And the time is *now*, not next spring. Transport difficulties? Time for preparation? U-boat warfare? Undue risks? Greater effect by our bombing offensive? All these pleas and arguments the Russians will politely sweep aside, with other gambits and diversions introduced by Mr. Eden and his American opposite number. Stalin will take out his watch and shut it and his mouth with a snap, and very courteously, but firmly, lead the Conference back to that *Second Front Now*. At the moment nothing is relevant to the Conference (says Stalin), but the final details of that Second Front in 1943. And I think Mr. Eden will be hard put to it to keep on stressing our Premier's oft-repeated assurance that, utterly united and determined as we are to share with Russia in the one vital job of smashing Hitlerism with the least possible delay, *strategical, and not political, considerations shall determine the hour* and place of our major assault on the Western Fortress walls. I fancy that Stalin will prove a very dominant figure at that Conference table—a man difficult to divert from his prime purpose, a man always courteous and good-humoured, but terribly strong and purposeful.

Trafalgar Echo.—Every year, when this noble anniversary comes round again, I am moved by feelings of pride and sentiment. This year those feelings were strengthened by a link with the past. There *is* romance in the fact that we have in our midst a "straggler from '05," in the person of an octogenarian whose father fought under Nelson at Trafalgar. I congratulate Mr. Haswell, of Shotton, Chester, and accept him (until disproved) as the sole surviving issue of a Trafalgar veteran. His father served also on later naval occasions, including the affair at Rochefort in 1806, when *The Revenge* (74 guns) was commanded by a namesake of mine. This naval commander was reckoned (financially, at least) lucky. Very lucky in my family, for he was about the only member of it who ever made big money! He cleared £40,000 as his personal share of prize-money in a period of less than five years' campaigning in the Channel—a huge sum in those days amassed by those means. I hope Mr. Haswell's father had his share of the plunder, small as it would have been in comparison with the lion's share, which I regret to say did not stay in the family. My namesake left six daughters.



"THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER, showing the period of no moonlight and the period when the moon will be at its full

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

The Endless Chain—Postscript.—Alas for romance! It is as I feared. The Trafalgar link with the past is no isolated, or last, link. Mr. Haswell has a living rival, and it may be the newspapers to-day will bring others. There are more than one child alive whose sires fought on October 21, 1805 in Trafalgar Bay. . . . We can never get away from our past. The chain is unbreakable, the links inexhaustible. I dare bet that, if we tried the experiment, we should discover a score of old ladies or old gentlemen who lay on the lap of that old dame who well remembered hearing her grandfather say that in his youth he saw an old man whose father walked down the High at Oxford with Rupert of the Rhine. How wise I was to qualify Mr. Haswell's claim to a unique distinction.

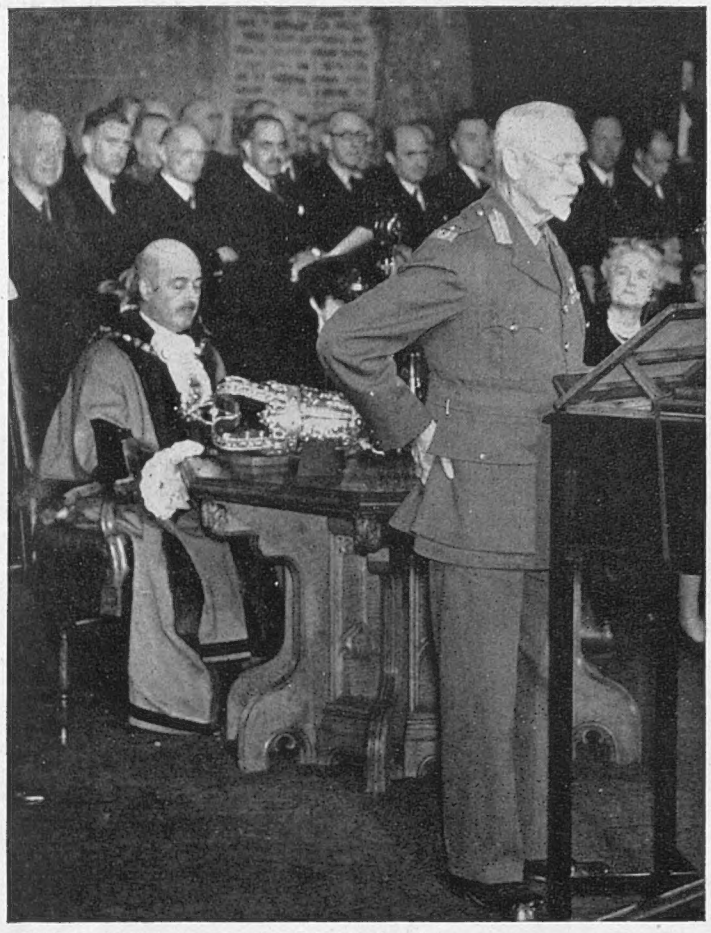
Secret Weapons. — Total war, as now practised, is quite nasty enough to make *my* flesh creep, without threats of new terrors in store. We have had so much experience of war in the past decades that we feel quite competent to catalogue the virtues and frailties which it brings out. The other day I put out light-heartedly some "layman's speculations" as to the nature of the Nazis' vengeance (so long promised) for our air assault on Germany, and in my correspondence I have had some amusing and interesting theories from correspondents. A majority of these doubt whether that vengeance will take any form approximating to our own methods or to those employed by the Hun in the blitz of 1940-41. They argue that the *Luftwaffe* is not what it was, and for various other reasons is not to-day in any position to launch out into big night-bombing raids, even on the 200-bomber scale, for any length of time worthwhile. Curiously enough, three of my correspondents "nap" the same type of new "secret weapon. They all three anticipate not bombing raids, but bombardments from the ground in France by a new artillery firing sub-stratosphere rockets propelled to ranges of 100 miles or more. Improved methods with half-tried-out propulsion fuels—such as liquid oxygen—might now admit of the carrying of heavy charges of explosive to such distances, and since in no case would accuracy be a prime object of reprisal in the Hun's reasoning (but rather destruction of morale), it might (they argue) well be that the Hun, who delights in such fireworks and surprises, has this form of rod in pickle for us. They give out dark hints, for example, that mist and fog will be no handicap. The old long guns which in 1917 shelled Paris from beyond Villers-Bretonneux were, in the main, short-lived, expensive futilities. And in this war the Calais long guns have not proved a very effective weapon. But if my correspondent-theorists' guesses are good, I suppose that southern coast towns and London itself may one day soon suffer the temporary inconvenience of these long-range bombardments. People get used to anything, however unpleasant. However well perfected the means of propulsion, I conceive that most people would prefer this artillery fire to night-bombing, even on the scale of 1940.

Norwegian Saga.—I suppose it is because deeds of heroism in the seas are the most ancient and perhaps most numerous of our fighting traditions as a nation, that I am most stirred by naval feats, such as Zeebrugge or the latest success of our midget submarines in Norwegian waters. I confess to a keen longing to hear the full story of the expedition which led to the damaging of the Nazis' great battleship. I should like to hear that story unfolded, with the fullest possible details. I fancy it will be a great story, and I fret to hear it told. There are many voices (some of them skilled) engaged all day long in describing to us the deeds and doings of our fighting men in every element and on every front. And the more they tell us, the more I realise that "the half is not told us," that the best is yet to come—some day. A day sooner or later when, free from black-out and paper restrictions, we shall sit back in our chairs in well-lit (and perhaps well-warmed) rooms, with the latest batch of new books from our chosen library, and read at ease the personal stories, by the men who did the jobs of which the telling makes every true Briton glow with pride of race. May those days come while I can still read print!

Juvenile Panels.—Poor Mr. Muddlecombe, J.P., is in for another spot of trouble, if I read the signs aright. A recent case of a birched schoolboy in the Midlands will bring us another batch of circulars from Whitehall and another flood of criticism from humanitarians who are convinced that all over England batches of sadistic nonagenarians are determined to make a confirmed criminal of every village child suspected of pinching an apple. Contrary to the accepted principle of English common law, a magistrate is guilty until he is proved innocent in the eyes of Whitehall and of the Bench of Judges. Vis-à-vis the juvenile panels, the only remedy is to have (they declare) youth and nothing but youth on the Bench. *Jeunesse savait.* Good. The authorities must release 10,000 young men from the fighting force to assume Mr. Muddlecombe's duties. Meanwhile, not all benches of ancient magistrates neglect the rules of evidence and procedure and disregard the regulations anent juvenile panels. What is wanted to-day is clearer understanding by the Home Secretary and the high legal luminaries of the moral anarchy among young people in some parts of Britain. They should come down and sit with Mr. Muddlecombe on his lawful occasions. Then they would write fewer circulars and pronounce less sweeping condemnations. From the time of Henry II., or at least Elizabeth, Mr. Muddlecombe's time and energy and common sense have been used by the State unrewarded and have apparently been found invaluable. To-day he remains the unpaid administrator of a large proportion of the criminal business of the country's judicature, and he has a good deal of experience in his queer double-barrelled role of juror-judge. He makes very few serious mistakes. I sometimes think his patience will break down one day over the present-day raggings and wiggings he receives regarding juvenile delinquents. Then justice will cost the country a great deal more.

THE OLD STAGER

ALLIED WAR LEADERS—Some New Pictures

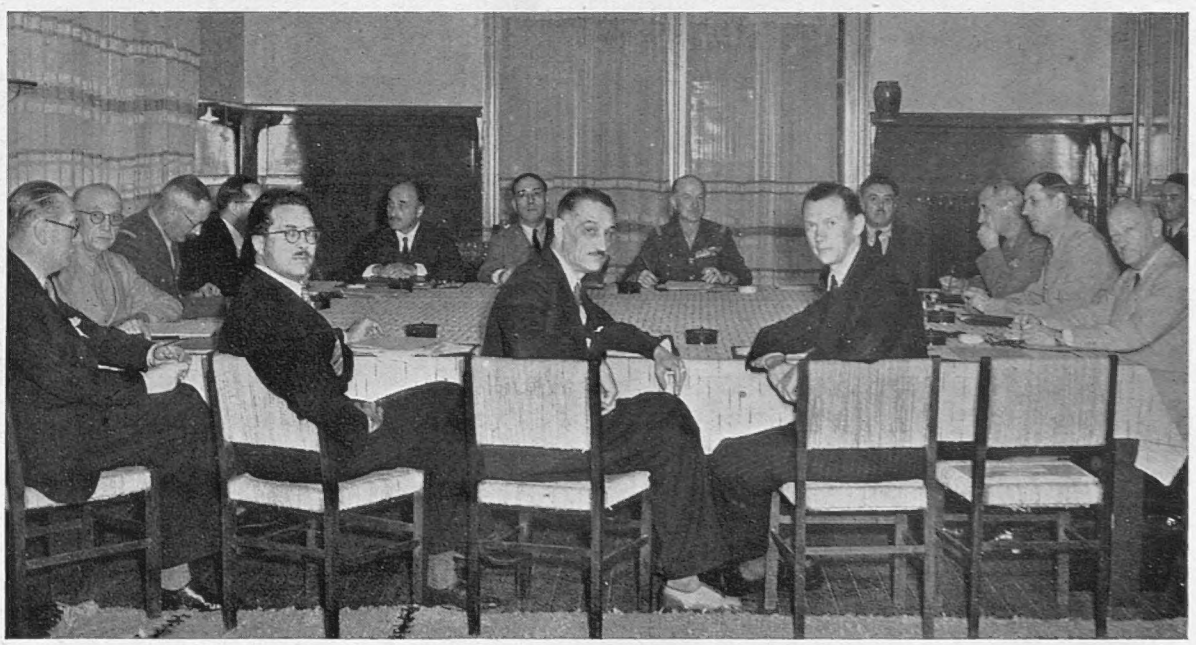


GENERAL SMUTS AT THE GUILDHALL, in the course of delivering his notable Review of the War on October 19: His speech lasted for 35 minutes and a recorded broadcast of it was later given by the B.B.C. Behind General Smuts is Sir Samuel Joseph, Lord Mayor; Mrs. Churchill is seen seated on the extreme right

ONE OF THE LAST PICTURES OF SIR DUDLEY POUND taken on the bridge of the ship which took Mr. Churchill to the U.S. for his latest meeting with the President

Seventeen days after his resignation as First Sea Lord, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound died on October 21, at the age of sixty-six. He became Chief of the Naval Staff in June 1939 and held that post till September 1943, the only one of the three Service Chiefs to remain in office for so long. After his promotion to Admiral in 1935, Sir Dudley became Chief of Staff in the Mediterranean, becoming C.-in-C. in 1936 till 1939. In the latter year he was promoted Admiral of the Fleet and became First Sea Lord. His term of office included some of the darkest days in British history, but he lived long enough to see the renaissance of British naval power throughout all the Seven Seas. Lady Pound pre-deceased only a few months ago

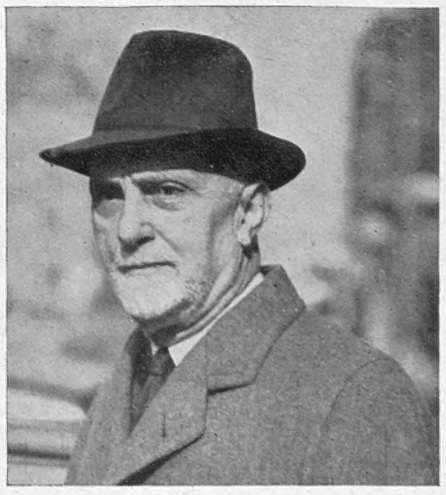
THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—Admiral Sir John H. D. Cunningham, who is sixty-seven years of age, and who was formerly in command in the Levant. He was promoted Admiral in August last: in September of this year he received the surrender of part of the Italian Fleet at Alexandria. Sir John is a distant relative of the new First Sea Lord, whom he now succeeds



A FIRST PICTURE OF A MEETING OF THE FRENCH COMMITTEE OF LIBERATION IN ALGIERS, attended by both General Giraud and General de Gaulle

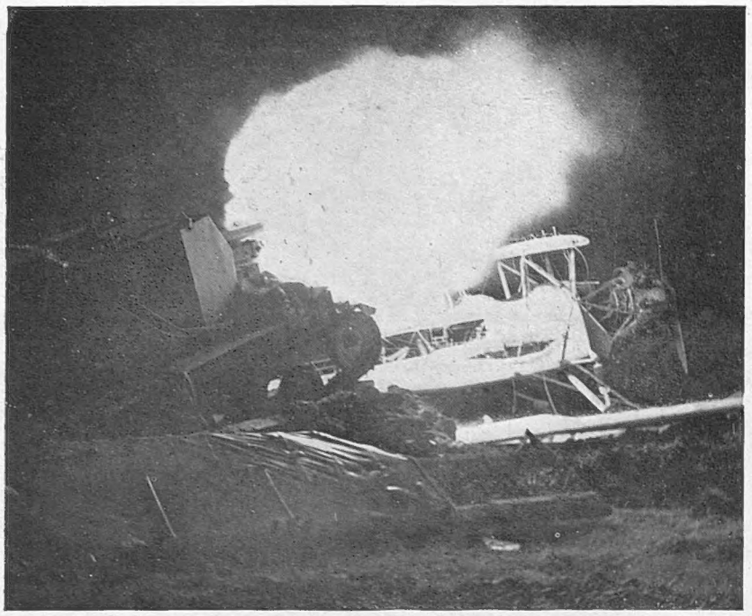
Seated around the table in this picture are the following Members (reading clockwise, starting with the third man from the left, wearing two-toned shoes)—M. Henri Bonnet, Minister of Information; M. Francois Menthen, Minister of Justice; M. Dictolen; Minister of Production; General Georges; General Giraud; M. Rene Pleven, Minister of Colonies; M. Jean Monnet, Minister of Supply; M. Rene Mayer, Minister of Communications; General Le Gentilhomme, Minister of National Defence; M. Tixior, Minister of Labour; General Catroux, Minister of Moslem Affairs; General de Gaulle; Dr. Abadie, Minister of Education and Health; M. Couve de Murville, Minister of Finance

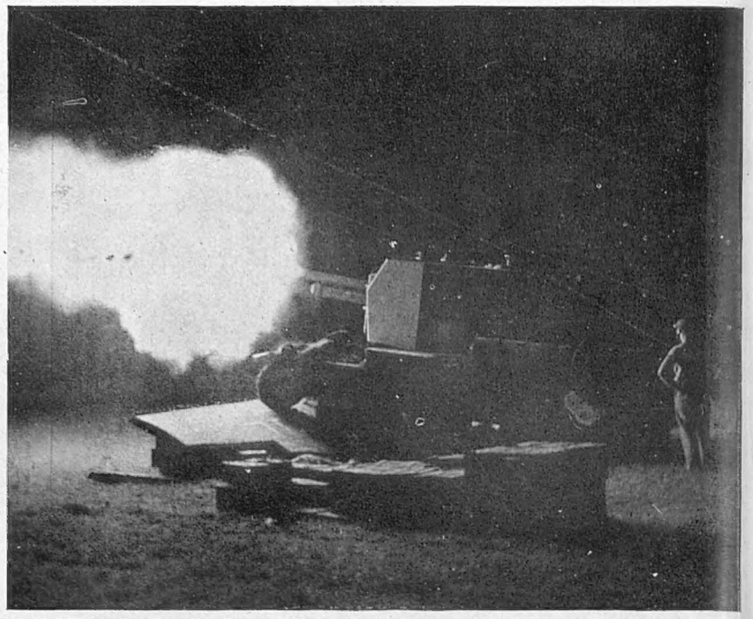
MR. EDEN ARRIVES IN MOSCOW: A picture taken at the Airport, with General Sir Hastings Ismay (on left, who is also attending the Moscow Conference) and M. V. Molotov, Soviet Foreign Minister (on right), who greeted the British delegation on their arrival in Russia



COUNT CARLO SFORZA, former Italian Foreign Minister, now in Europe, bound for Italy. He has journeyed from Washington by way of London

MR. ALEXANDER BOGOMOLOFF, the Soviet delegate to the French Committee of Liberation, leaving his hotel in Algiers shortly after his arrival there

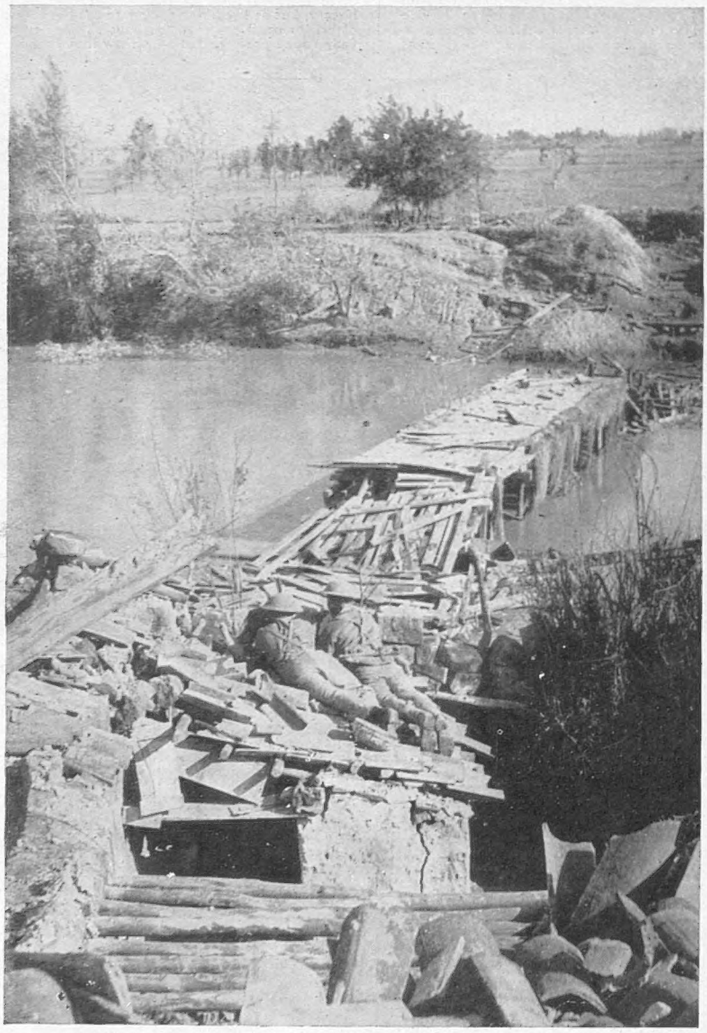




DURING THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 12 A HEAVY ARTILLERY BARRAGE WAS LAID ON THE ENEMY POSITIONS NORTH OF THE RIVER, in preparation for the crossing of the Volturno by assault troops of the Fifth Army forty-eight hours later. These two pictures were taken at an aerodrome south of Grazzanise : they show 25-pounder self-propelled guns joining in the barrage. To obtain more elevation, the vehicles were run up on to the wreckage of the many Italian and German planes which were found on the airfield when we took it over

The BATTLE of the VOLTURNO RIVER

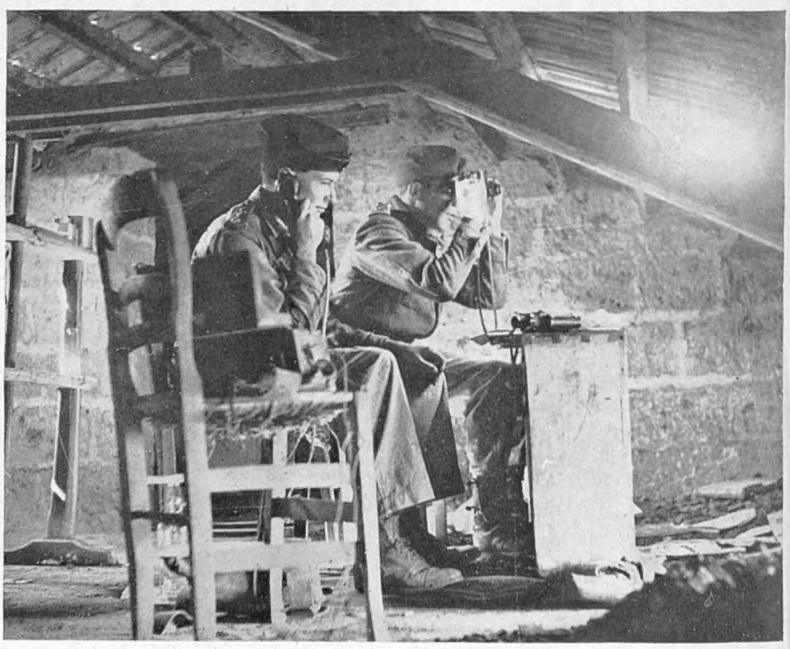
Where the Fifth Army Broke Down the Nazi Resistance North of Naples on October 14-15, and Forced the Big Water Obstacle on the Road to Rome



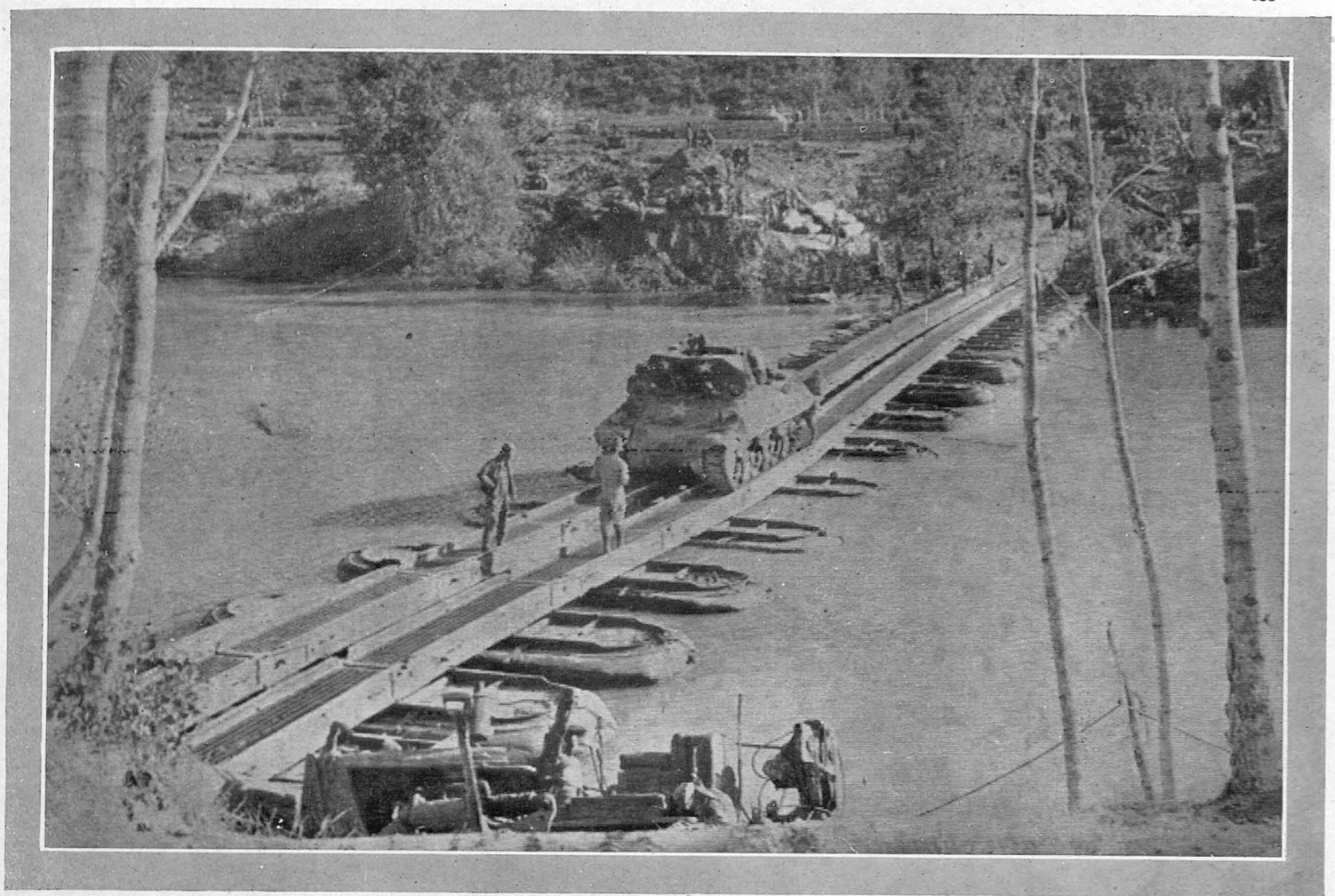
EVERY BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER HAD BEEN DESTROYED BY THE GERMANS before the Fifth Army's attack. Here two men of the 7th Queen's have taken up a position amidst the wreckage of one bridge to snipe the enemy on the further bank

The crossing of the Volturno was the most serious test of the Allied forces since the Wadi Zigzaou in Tunisia. The river is broad from Capua down to the sea ; in places it is from 300 to 440 yards across. Every bridge across it had been destroyed by the Germans, and nowhere was it fordable. During the night of October 12 the first heavy gun barrage was laid down, to "soften up" the German defenders on the north bank : then, during the night of October 14-15, the main assault was launched. At first, the bridge across the Volturno put up by Fifth Army engineers came under enemy gunfire ; but, owing to the pressure of the American forces above Capua and the sea landing described on pages 142-3, our men had soon secured a foothold and bridgeheads on the northern bank of the river and the Germans were forced to retire

BRITISH BREN-GUNNERS ON THE SOUTHERN BANK OF THE VOLTURNO. Their task was to engage enemy machine-gunners installed in small nests concealed by clumps of willow and bushes on the further bank, and to cover the crossing of our groups of assault infantry at dawn on October 15



IN AN ARTILLERY OBSERVATION POST during the preparatory barrage : British officers directing the fire of the guns against enemy positions across the River Volturno. A great concentration of artillery was brought to bear, including a number of self-propelled Priests and Bishops



THE CROSSING OF THE VOLTURNO: AN AMERICAN M.10 TANK ROLLS ACROSS ONE OF THE PONTOON BRIDGES ERECTED BY THE U.S. ENGINEERS. The river was nowhere fordable, the water being never less than 4 or 5 ft. deep between Capua and the sea. All heavy equipment had, therefore, to wait until bridges had been hastily constructed before they could cross in support of the infantry

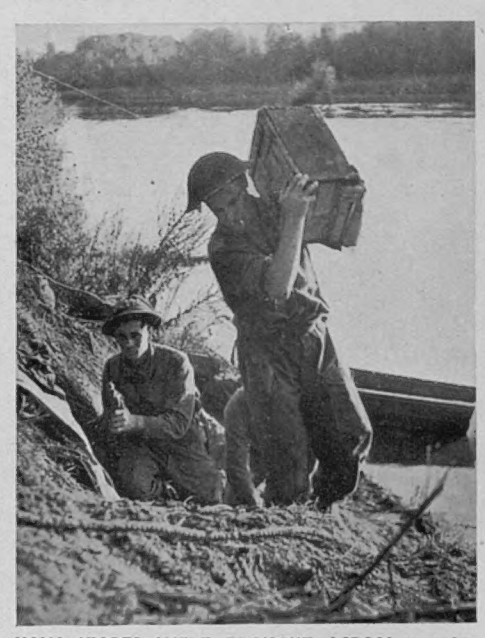
BRITISH INFANTRY STREAMING ACROSS A PONTOON BRIDGE PUT UP BY U.S. ENGINEERS IN PURSUIT OF THE FLEEING GERMANS. As soon as the passage had been made secure, an endless line of tanks, lorries and equipment of all sorts flowed across to the north bank of the river to drive the Nazis away from their prepared positions. (The above two pictures were sent to London by radio from Algiers)

NAPLES AS IT IS TO-DAY: THE VOLTURNO RIVER

And the Re-emergence of the King of Italy on the Side of the Allies

THIS IS THE VOLTURNO RIVER: The picture was made in the early morning light, just after the launching of the attack by the Fifth Army. An assault boat is arriving from the northern bank to pick up supplies and ammunition for the men fighting the Germans away to the right (see *also pages* 142-3)

A FIFTH ARMY BOFORS GUN in the grounds of King Victor Emmanuel's palace at Caserta which lies on the railway just south of the Volturno



HOW STORES WERE BROUGHT ACROSS to the northern bank of the Volturno River

During the hours of darkness on October 14-15, the Fifth Army launched its big attack on the Volturno River. Soon several bridgeheads were in Allied hands and armour began to make a river crossing. To-day the Allied forces are well over the river at several points and have occupied a number of towns after fierce fighting. These three pictures were taken in the early morning just as the attack was being pressed home

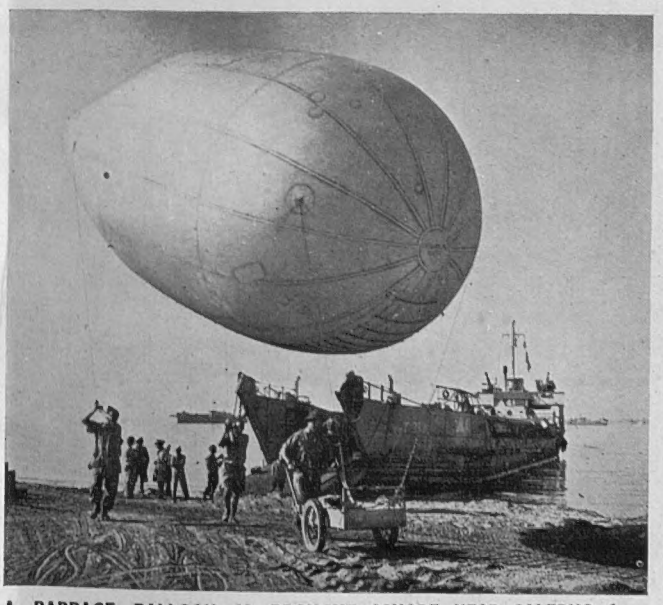
THE KING OF ITALY MAKES HIS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE SINCE THE SURRENDER, at Trani, on the Bay of Manfredonia near Bari, where he decorated civil and church dignitaries for bravery during the German occupation of Italy. It was an all-Italian ceremony

On right—R.A.F. Balloon Barrage men were among the first Allied troops to land on the beaches at Salerno. Their job was to keep low-flying enemy aircraft from bombing and strafing the landing barges as they came inshore. One detachment landed with their balloons in the Gulf of Salerno before daylight on invasion day. They waded ashore through 3 ft. of water carrying their balloons, and planted them on the beach in the face of heavy machine-gun and mortar fire. The balloons were flying 200 ft. high as they came ashore and were let up to operational height on small hand-winches as soon as the men stepped on to the mainland

On left—It is not so long ago that Victor Emmanuel was calling on Italian officers and soldiers to fight their utmost against the British. A few days ago, however, he decorated Italian civil and church dignitaries for bravery shown by them in opposing the Germans! The two pictures given on the left were taken during this ceremony at Trani: the first shows the King (the smallest in Europe) arriving: the second shows him presenting a silver medal to Archbishop Francesco Petronelli for his action in offering his own life in place of 250 Italian hostages held by the Germans

THE BATTERED WATERFRONT AT NAPLES, for many months the target for precision bombing by Allied aircraft. A first photograph, taken by an R.A.F. plane, showing some of the havoc wrought amongst the big buildings along the waterfront of the city

Before the retreating Germans carried out their demolitions at Naples, Allied bombers had laid waste large areas in the port and industrial quarters of the city. The air offensive against enemy supply ports and lines of communication was part of the great strategy which smashed the Axis armies in North Africa and Sicily and laid the foundation for the Allied drive towards Rome. Naples was a key port in the enemy supply life-line. A large proportion of the war material sent to the Axis Army in Sicily and North Africa was loaded in the city's docks. The port, therefore, felt the full force of the Allied air power in the Mediterranean theatre. Flying Fortresses and Liberators of the U.S.A.A.F. and Wellington night bombers of the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. pounded the warehouses, quays, port installations, marshalling yards and railway bottlenecks with relentless and deadly efficiency. Great quantities of war material—of which the enemy was at the time desperately in need—did not get beyond assembly dumps on the Italian mainland. A great deal of these supplies were destroyed on the waterfront at Naples. But, great as was the havoc in the neighbourhood of the harbour, precision bombing left residential areas without substantial damage. This photograph was taken from an R.A.F. aircraft: it is amongst the first to present a graphic picture of what the waterfront looks like to-day



A BARRAGE BALLOON IS BROUGHT ASHORE NEAR SALERNO from a landing craft for the protection of the beaches

A BALLOON ANCHORED FOR REPAIR beside a stack of gas cylinders under camouflaged netting. In the foreground are Italian prisoners who were employed as labourers

SOMETHING we can TAKE FROM Dr. GOEBBELS

The "Publicity Column" in the Wake of the Army to Tell the Civil Population the Facts of Allied Occupation. By FERDINAND TUOHY

DISPATCHES from British war correspondents in Italy indicate a lack of the right means of contact between the Allied spearhead and the civil population. This leads to delays and perplexities, clamour and misunderstanding just when a clear path and mutual comprehension are most needed.

One derives a pretty clear picture of what is happening in default of the requisite gear and personnel. When Allied vanguards arrive in a town or village, they are bombarded with questions by excited throngs of Italians who want to know everything at once, and, in between disengaging themselves from embraces and flowers, a handful of linguists on the amateur side and apparently haphazardly present, try to give an outline of the situation as this affects civilians.

This may go on indefinitely according to the size of the place, the hubbub growing as Italians shout the new political odds, decide how they are going to run their own local show or bawl about the rate of exchange; as women and children wail unendingly after their families and belongings, and as the whole collection clamours for Food.

It is a wearing business—one correspondent says "exhausting"—but that is the least of it. Referring to the civilians' expectancy that they will be fed forthwith, Alexander Clifford uses these surprising words: "There is no propaganda means of explaining it (the absence of food) to them. They would understand soon enough if they were properly told."

We want these people's urgent co-operation, yet no means are available of telling them about such a straightforward matter as food. If that be the case, it stands to reason that Italian civilians in the forward areas are not being directed and controlled in other urgent matters as they should be from the very outset, both in their own interest and in that of the advancing troops. There is no means to hand of telling them what we want of them and what they may expect from us.

One's first reaction, naturally, is "What's Amgot Doing?" The answer seems to be that Allied Military Government moves up later (Lord Rennel says it handles all the provinces except Puglia, which is left to the Badoglio Government, and that the crucial problems are food and transport), but that in any case A.M.G. has a competitor in the Department of Psychological Warfare which has involved itself in the process of bringing some form of stopgap order and direction into wildly disorganised and uprooted civilian life.

This organisation is described as "a strange mixture of young British and American officers and budding politicians in uniform but without rank, busy working on such things as the local newspapers and radio," which conveys the idea of being well behind the lines. Nor, even here, may the psychologists always get materials for their job, since another correspondent lugubriously announces that "whereas before Italy was our co-belligerent the Army could commandeer tyepwriters, printing presses and paper, now we have to be most careful, and in some case pay for these things."

From all of the foregoing, one thing is clear, and it is that the Allied formations in Italy have not been adequately fitted out with forward "publicity wagons," if indeed they have got any at all.

These vehicles were first burst upon the world by Goebbels when Czechoslovakia was overrun in 1939. They can be lorries or vans and they contain a red-hot editorial room in touch with the Army Command, and shooting out the latest orders and information for the local population by loudspeaker, radio and printing press—the last for leaflets, notices and proclamations. We may have waxed jocular long ago about Goebbels's "Publicity Column" as it shot forward in the direct wake of the Panzers, yet the monstrous voices issuing, the printed matter and radio which poured forth from the vans, now lying, now threatening, now cajoling, now ordering, and always up to the second, were sure fire for Hitler.

They were one of his most successful weapons for the cowing and bamboozling of the Continent. They carried whole regions off their feet, spreading inertia and submission. The "Publicity Columns" went all through Europe—and always right in the van—Poland, the Low Countries and France, Scandinavia and the Balkans, Russia. Everywhere their role was identical. They drew up in the market place, and the local inhabitants were forced to stop, read and listen. After which, no excuse was accepted for disobedience or ignorance.

When one thinks of some of the superfluities which career about on wheels, one wonders why the "Voice Vans" are not in Italy, and being held ready for elsewhere, for if the Germans got such value from them by bullying and misleading, they are necessary to us in order to steer through the chaos left behind, and to profit by all the friendly arms around, while at the same time disseminating what hope and comfort we can. They represent the proven solution for fixing and keeping contact between advancing troops and the civil population, with a minimum of strain on the military machine.

As long ago as St. Nazaire the need for these publicity vans was evident. Lack of contact with the unfortunate Frenchmen ashore had been revealed, and while the vans could not have done much on that tragic occasion, they were clearly cast to perform in any invasion and advance through France or anywhere else. In those days, we were thinking more of the V meaning than now, and doubtless that was why I gave pride of place to this: "Our brand of 'Goebbels wagons' can be fashioned into nothing less than the rallying centre of V assistance." That still stands, but one can enumerate several other equally important jobs awaiting these News Rooms on Wheels.

The "Voice Van" should be the link between Operations and the population, and never in any war has this link been so important. The Publicity Column would give news and allay alarm, as it could be employed to assemble guerillas for arms and instructions. It could keep civilians calm and comprehending and, after that, begin to render them helpful. They could be told all about food and water. Another thing that will shortly be needed is billeting, and here again much might usefully be passed on the spot to communities affected.

Instructions and information about transport and currency exchange, where labour should report, the imperative need of keeping roads clear—all could be issued red-hot in radio, loudspeaker, leaflet or hoarding form. Then, again, we could take a page from the Russians and occasionally, as opportunity offered, turn the publicity stream on to the retreating Germans. Our Ally manages to coax over many deserters by this stratagem, and it becomes clearer each week that Hitler's armies are peppered with non-Germans longing to give themselves up to the Allies.

Whether these Control, Information and Propaganda Lorries (which gives their full function) should come under Psychological Warfare or Field Security seems immaterial inasmuch as each of these comes, in turn, under Intelligence; though I should have thought Field Security. The chief thing is to get the vans into action, and, fortunately, vehicles and requisite contents can speedily be made available.

"The Fifth Army movements are considerably hampered by thousands of civilians carrying their belongings, who are escaping southwards from the fighting areas." How much more clogged and chaotic will the roads be farther north; how more strident the cries for food in that non-agricultural region! The publicity vans, proceeding slowly against the human flow, could introduce first glimmerings of sense and direction into the pathetic trek.

The more Hitler demolishes as he retreats, the heavier will be the civil misery and chaos that the advancing Allies will have to succour and disentangle. What better instrument for putting this work in train, than the forward publicity vans?

The more Revolt spreads in the tormented and vassal lands, the greater the opportunity the Allies will have when they arrive, to direct it into this and that channel. The "Voice Vans" will be as necessary among guerillas in the Balkans as they are currently wanted in the provinces of Campania and Abruzzi. And when we eventually get going across France or elsewhere in the West, they will be the very thing to summon and rally the population, adding thereby to the demoralisation of the retreating enemy.

A.M.G. TAKES OVER IN CATANIA: The Field Security personnel were quickly on the scene. With the aid of local records, left intact, and photographs of various Fascist meetings, they quickly rounded up persons suspected of being Fascist sympathisers. Many civilians came forward and volunteered information and, as a result, the Fascist movement has now been eradicated. This picture was taken as two members of Field Security were interrogating a Sicilian Fascist

Officers of "The Allied Military Government" follow close on the heels of the Allied invasion armies, bringing life back to normal in the liberated areas. A.M.G. works in close co-operation with other Army units to create order out of the confusion left by a retreating enemy. In Catania, for example, most of the population (250,000 in peacetime) had either been evacuated by the Germans, or had voluntarily left for their own safety. The electricity works supplying the main power for all Sicily was out of action: cables and power lines were destroyed; dockland streets, blocked as a result of Allied bombing, had to be cleared; water-mains were uprooted; and food almost non-existent. The Carabinieri (police force) and the fire service were disorganised. All these problems were dealt with efficiently and speedily by A.M.G., working in co-operation with certain Italian officials

A SCENE IN THE COURT-HOUSE IN CATANIA DURING THE FIRST SESSION HELD BY A.M.G. The prisoner on the right behind bars was charged with looting in the city. The magistrate on the bench was Lieut.-Colonel Lord Gerald Wellesley (now the Duke of Wellington), of A.M.G.

CARRIER-BORNE AIRCRAFT and Their Importance During Amphibious Operations

The landings by the Fifth Army at Salerno demonstrated the great value of the aircraft-carrier during operations in areas too remote for land-based aircraft. Fighter aircraft are, of necessity, very limited as to range, yet an air "umbrella" during the actual landings is a necessity. At Salerno, consequently, every type of carrier was put into service, with the new small "Woolworth Carriers," in particular, playing an important part. For the first three days after the invasion, fighter cover for the ships working off shore in the Bay was provided by Seafires flown from the converted merchantmen-carriers *Unicorn*, *Hunter*, *Battler*, *Stalker* and *Attacker*: these worked under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir Philip Vian, who flew his flag in the cruiser *Euryalis*. In turn, another force provided fighter cover for Admiral Vian's carriers: this was commanded by Vice-Admiral Sir Algernon Willis in the battleship *Nelson*, and consisted of the big carriers *Illustrious* and *Formidable*. A destroyer screen, as well as *Nelson* and *Rodney*, protected this "Force H," which was charged with safeguarding the entire operation at Salerno against possible attack by the enemy's surface vessels.

MARTLET PLANES TAKING OFF FROM THE DECK: One is circling the carrier; another appears to have been catapulted, or assisted, off and has just become airborne; a third is being made ready for flight. In this type of assisted take-off, a minimum run is required, and a larger number of planes can therefore be lined up and put into the air very quickly—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE LATEST CARRIER IN THE U.S. NAVY, the U.S.S. "Bataan," sliding down the ways at a New Jersey shipyard. This vessel is one of a class of over a dozen: three others were launched earlier this year. The first seven of the class are of 25,000 tons displacement, but the others may be over 26,500. Each will cost nearly 69,000,000 dollars. Over eighty aircraft can be accommodated on board, and the complement of officers and men will be over 2,000. The speed of these new and big carriers is to be 35 knots. The new "flat top" has been named after the peninsula in Manila, where General MacArthur's men put up so heroic a resistance against the Japs

AIR COVER AT SALERNO, WHERE EVERY TYPE OF CARRIER WAS PUT INTO OPERATION to make up for the lack of land-based fighter cover. From left to right in this drawing are seen a battleship (ready to protect the whole force with its guns), one of the modern type of big carriers, an earlier type, and (on the extreme right) one of the new "Woolworth Carriers"—a converted merchant ship originally evolved for the protection of the Atlantic convoys. The aircraft flown from these vessels rendered great service during the whole period of the landings—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

HOW AIRCRAFT ARE BOMBED-UP ON A CARRIER'S DECK: A U.S. sailor wheeling small-sized bombs towards a plane about to take off during an American assault on some of the Pacific Islands

LANDING ON A CARRIER'S DECK IS NOT EASY. This fighter had come down to make a landing off centre and plunged over the edge of the flight deck. A few minutes later the plane was in the repair shops below and the uninjured pilot was telling his companions exactly what had happened

b

A UNIQUE PICTURE, SHOWING HOW THE FORTRESSES FLY IN FORMATION WHEN CARRYING OUT AN ATTACK. Flak bursts may be seen above and below the nearest bomber, sending chunks of shrapnel flying through the air. On this occasion, the selected target was a Nazi fighter base which was being attacked by the Americans in daylight

AERIAL BATTLESHIPS

and German Smoke-Clouds

Heavily Armed American Aircraft; and Defensive Screens Over Nazi Targets

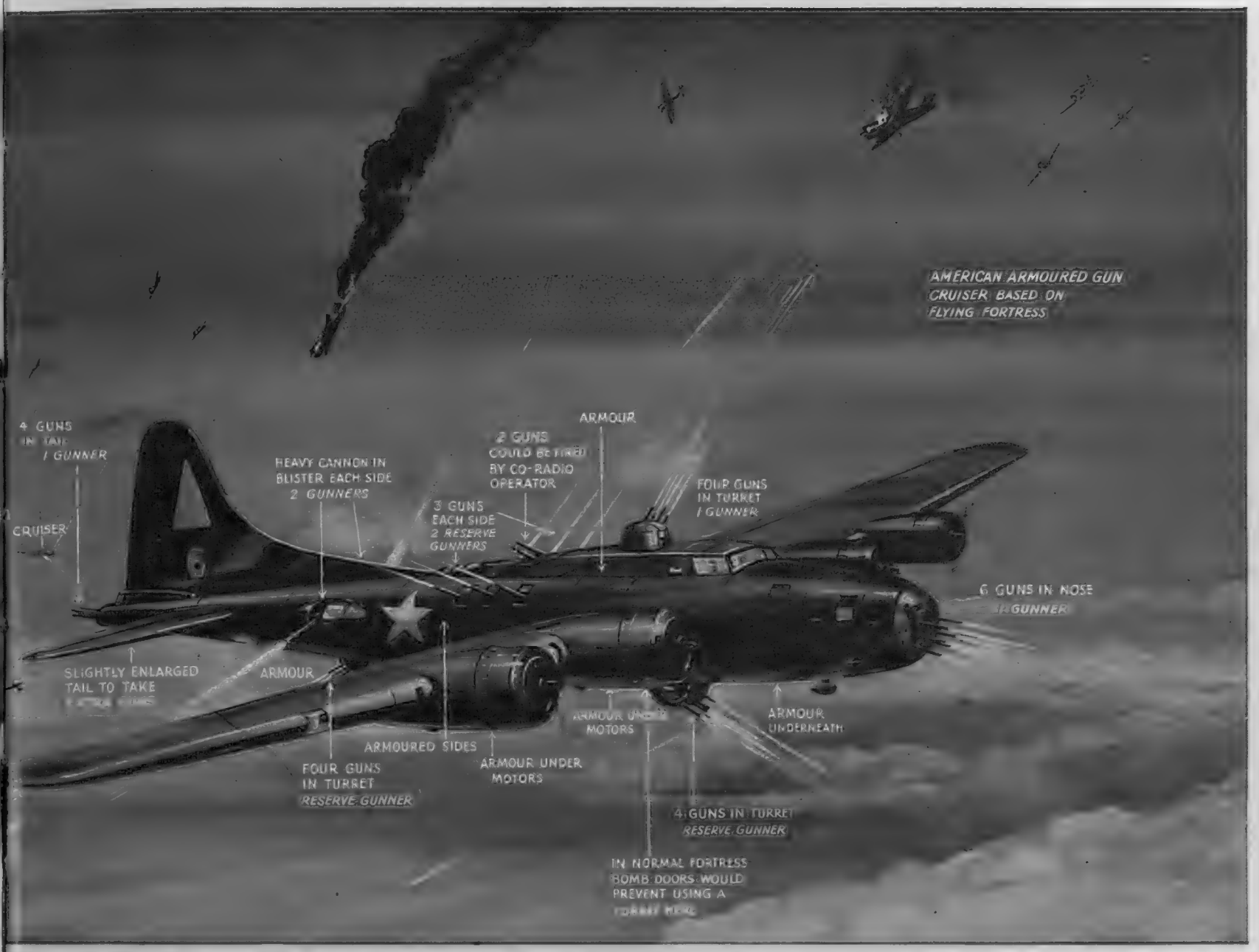
—As Reported Recently by the Enemy in Describing the Heaviest Attacks by the American Flying Fortresses

The two larger drawings reproduced on these pages have been made by The Sphere's aeronautical artist to illustrate the new "Air Dragons" described in recent reports out of Germany, and the defensive smoke clouds which it is stated the Nazis are now using to protect their more valuable industrial centres.

According to Stockholm reports, the U.S. giant bombers now devastating Germany by daylight are being escorted by multi-engined "armoured cruisers," which probably resemble the aircraft depicted on the right above. German military men are declared to be responsible for the statement that these specialised planes carry no bombs, but that each is armed with thirty automatic machine-guns and several cannon; the machine-guns operate automatically, and there is a gunner to each group

Below—**THE GERMANS ARE STATED TO BE USING "ARTIFICIAL CLOUDS" to hide their targets from Fortress attacks. This drawing shows the American bombers coming out of one such "cloud" after releasing their bomb-loads and being attacked by enemy fighters who have been waiting for this moment**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

A German military spokesman has claimed recently that a new fog device is now in use over such important targets as Schweinfurt: it is a milk-like substance, he said, which is spread at a great height to "blind" the bomber pilots. This "caused some of the bombers to collide in mid-air: the bomb-loads then exploded, destroying the aircraft." From similar sources, we are told that the Nazi fighters wait on the fringes of the smoke-clouds: as the bombers emerge—either to see the targets, or after they have dropped their bomb-loads—they pounce down and engage them, using "new ammunition of terrific explosive power"



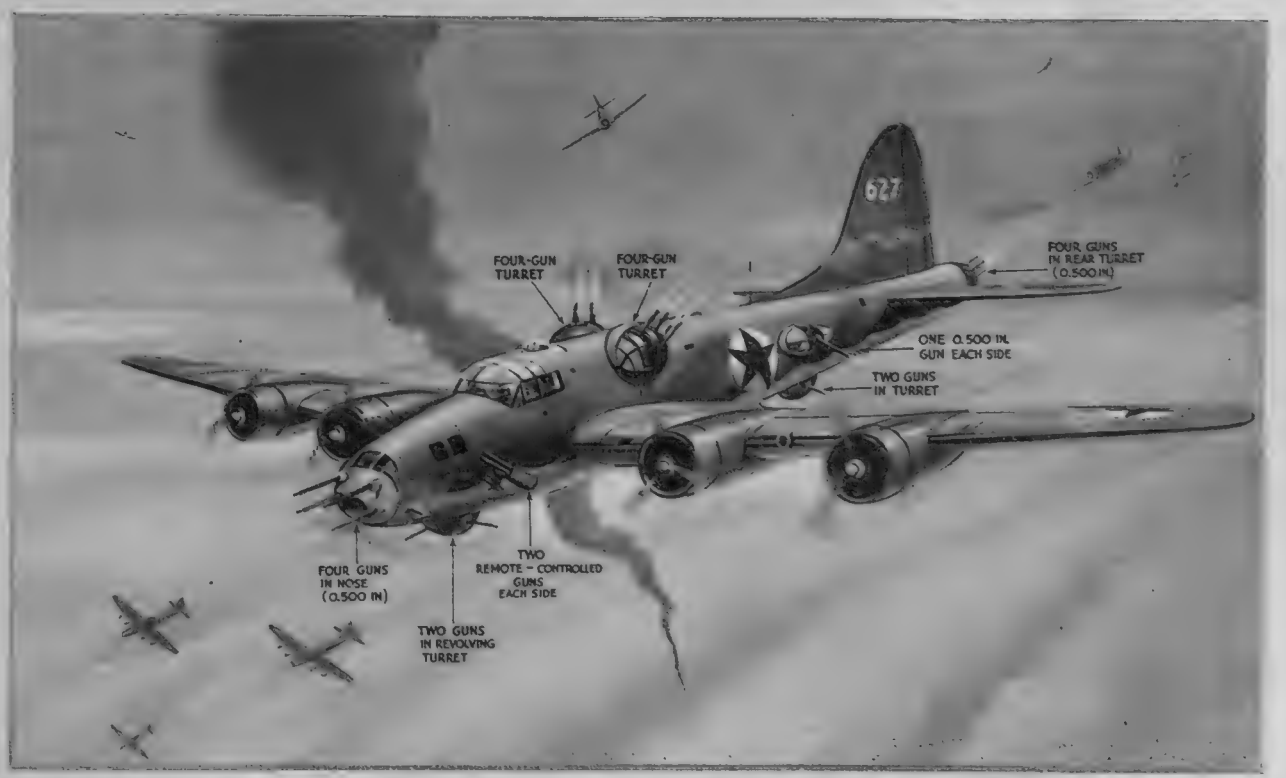
THE "AIR DRAGONS" WHICH NOW ESCORT THE AMERICAN FLYING FORTRESSES ON THEIR DAYLIGHT RAIDS OVER GERMANY (according to enemy reports transmitted from Sweden): An artist's impression of what such a powerfully-armed air-cruiser might look like, and the manner in which it might escort the bombing force. (At the left of the drawing a formation of bombers is shown with their protecting "cruisers" operating on both flanks.) It is stated (from German sources) that this special aircraft carries no fewer than 32 guns and a crew of twenty-two (see notes below)—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

of six. The "cruiser" is fitted with heavy armour against bullets and shrapnel, and each plane is said to have a crew of twenty-two. The Germans say that there are two pilots, two co-pilots, two radio operators, five gunners, and four men in reserve—each ready to step into the other's place when necessary.

Apparently, some of these big planes fly ahead of the main body of bombers, to blast a way through any fighters wishful of disputing a passage. Others fly alongside the Fortresses to guard their flanks as they plough steadily towards the target. On the enemy's side, it is claimed that the *Luftwaffe* are using a new type of heavily-armed fighter, and that new ammunition of terrific explosive power is being employed. This was one of the reasons for the heavy toll of U.S. bombers in the Schweinfurt raid, so it is claimed.

A German military spokesman claims, also, that a new "fog device" is now in use over certain targets. At Schweinfurt, for instance, this milk-like substance was spread at a great height, to blind bomber pilots and to cause some of them to collide in mid-air, exploding their bombs and wrecking the aircraft.

In the drawing by Mr. Davies above, he has attempted a reconstruction of a Flying Fortress armed in the manner stated in the German reports. Four guns are shown in a slightly enlarged tail unit to protect the rear: a cannon is shown on each side of the rear part of the fuselage, and three machine-guns: a four-gun turret is placed on top: six guns are suggested for the nose, all operated by one gunner and all having a good angle of fire: two four-gun turrets are placed under the fuselage. The existing Flying Fortress has one of these "ball-turrets" fitted on its underside, but the forward of the two shown in the drawing could not be fitted to ordinary bombers owing to the location of the bomb doors. As no bombs are carried by the specialised "Air Dragon," a correspondingly great weight of airmen and ammunition can be carried. The fire-power of such an aircraft would be enormous and its offensive potentialities devastating.



A "SPHERE" FORECAST OF THE "AIR DRAGON": A drawing of a "Flak ship" of the air—or "aerial Destroyer"—which was published in "The Sphere" of March 27, 1943. It was then stated that an aircraft designed on these lines could be used to beat off the massed attacks of Nazi fighter aircraft during bombing sorties over Germany. This huge aeroplane, it was suggested, could be an adaptation of the existing Flying Fortress of the U.S. Air Force, but heavily armoured and very heavily armed to provide a terrific fire-power from all possible angles, so that the attackers would, literally, be blasted from the air whilst the bombers below went on with their allotted tasks

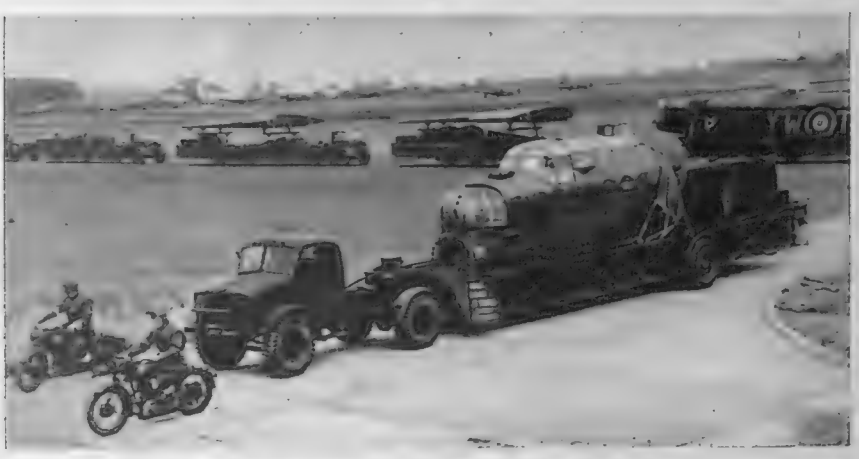
AFTER A BOMBER HAS CRASH-LANDED

HOW "T FOR TILLY" RETURNED FROM A BIG RAID. Its undercarriage was smashed, one inboard engine was burnt out, and its propellers were twisted in the consequent belly-landing. The Lancaster had to be moved to the side of the airfield: self-propelling cranes hoisted it on to bogies, tractors towed it away and then began the work of dismantling the big plane

THE HEAVY CENTRE SECTION IS HAULED UP ON TO THE "LOW LOADER." It must be carefully balanced in order not to overhang too much when it gets on to the road. The Warrant Officer (on right) keeps a check on each component as it is loaded

AS SOON AS THE LANCASTER HAS BEEN TAKEN FROM THE RUNWAY, the salvage squad begin to take it to pieces. Nose section, wing sections and tail section are all dismantled and put into their proper places

THE BIG FUSELAGE HAS NOW BEEN STRIPPED OF ITS WINGS. Neatly dissected, "T for Tilly" is gently dropped on to the "low loader," which will soon be carrying it to the repair shops



A CAVALCADE OF VEHICLES SETS OFF FOR THE REPAIR SHOPS, and the Lancaster moves off in sections in a long procession. The shops have already been told what units they will have to replace, and work will soon begin on the plane

AN OUTRIDER LEADS THE WAY: He is a familiar sight in the country lanes around our bomber stations. One of his duties is to warn traffic of the coming of the 60-ft. lorries and their overhanging loads

"T FOR TILLY" FLIES AGAIN. Slowly the aircraft becomes airborne: slowly the undercarriage begins to retract. The smashed-up Lancaster is once again ready

Often when a bomber returns from a big raid over Germany, it is badly damaged by flak or by enemy fighters, and the pilot has then to make the best landing he can at his base aerodrome. In this process, he may have to put it down on its belly, which damages the aircraft further. The first task then is to remove the immobilised and heavy aeroplane from the landing-field, so that the work of dismantling it may begin. The ground crews are expert and quick, however: very soon, the bomber has been dissected and its various parts loaded on to the huge trailers with which most of us are now familiar. Few big repairs are done at bomber stations: the rehabilitation of a crashed aircraft is the task of the experts at the various repair shops throughout the country. These are warned in advance of the new parts which may be required. When the aircraft is once again in flying trim, pilots take it up and put it through all the tests to which a brand-new plane is subjected. If it flies satisfactorily, it is soon back again with a Bomber Squadron, and again taking part in raids over enemy territory

THE NECESSARILY CAUTIOUS USE OF THE TANK IN THE HILLY APENNINES OF CENTRAL ITALY—a sudden attack on a British tank column from concealed enemy gun positions, showing a danger to which the fighting vehicles are exposed in this kind of terrain—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker.*

AN ALLIED TANK ACTUALLY IN ACTION during the Salerno operations: Firing against German strong-points from a street in Salerno town, during General Montgomery's visit to the beaches just after the landings

The value of the fighting tank when taken into newly invaded territory is a question which has again been raised as a consequence of the fighting in South and Central Italy. One unequivocal point emerges: the tank must be used with the utmost caution when advancing into the Apennine valleys. Circumstances may suddenly turn the tank into a responsibility for the attackers rather than a menace to the defenders! In the drawing given above, an Allied column is shown advancing with caution along a valley road. "Recco" units have gone in advance of these tanks, and certain infantry units have gone ahead; owing to thick mist, certain enemy gun positions have not been spotted. They suddenly open fire on the column and, for a short period, a hot time is had by all. Tank guns are slewed round and infantry assault parties are thrown out into the hills, while the tanks seek what cover they can find. It will be some time before the way is clear and infantry and tanks able to advance together once again

MORE ABOUT THE TANK

A Weapon which Seems to Become Less Important in Italy as the War Progresses

A strange lack of reports about major tank actions has been one of the most conspicuous features of the Italian campaign so far. This may be due partly to the military censorship, because if indeed tanks have played an important part in the Italian fighting, one can only conclude that the military censors of both sides have deliberately decided to play-down their achievements and make them appear of little use.

That must be regarded as a far-fetched theory! There is, however, another explanation put forward already by those who love tanks next to idolatry. It is that Italy has an unsuitable terrain. One man writes: "In that rocky mountain land, mingled with cultivated fields and groves, as well as great cities, the old wide-ranging desert warfare has given place to closer, more narrowly sectorised fighting." While, however, we know that Italy has mountains, we also know that it has plains and acres of cultivated fields and some fine roads, and that much of the fighting has taken place on the plains, in the fields and along the roads—similar plains, fields and roads to those which in France and Greece afforded the German panzers such a fine opportunity.

No, we are not likely in this war to have again such an unimpeded battle-ground for tanks as the Libyan desert, and if Italy is too constricted for the proper use of these weapons, then the same argument will hold for France, the Balkans, Norway—all the future battle-fields. Defenders of the tank as a supreme, independent weapon say that the Italian roads, defiles and towns have been barred to it by guns and mines. This, indeed, appears to be the explanation. But the same defences will in that case similarly restrict the activities of armoured vehicles in North and South-Eastern Europe, where there is also a lack of great open spaces on the Libyan or Polish scale.

The tank has achieved spectacular successes when defences have been unready, or the broad open terrain, like that of the desert, has made it impossible for the guns and mines to be concentrated against it (though on those occasions when the guns were concentrated, as at Knightsbridge and Alamein, the tank *en masse* swiftly became an anachronism). But under other conditions it has been increasingly employed by commanders as one of many weapons, sometimes formidable, at other times not so good.

The record of the Italian fighting to date, and also of this year's battles in Russia, might almost be said to relegate the tank to the role of the bully of the battlefield. When there are inadequate anti-tank defences and no strong body of defending tanks, a squadron can swiftly terrorise and disperse an infantry concentration. But once strong defences are revealed the tanks are stopped and do not go forward until infantry and artillery have dealt with them.

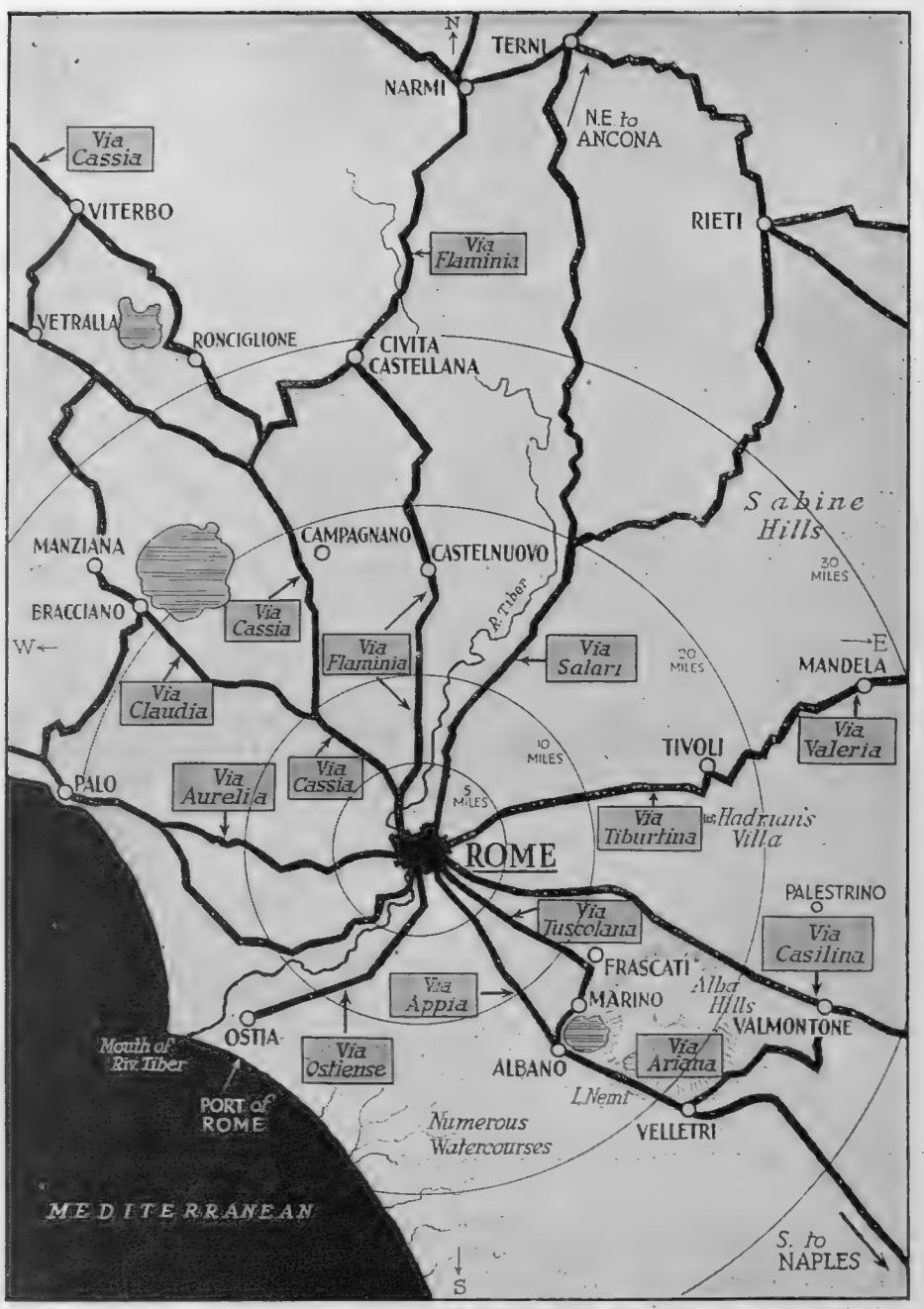
This is not to condemn the tank or underrate the work of tankmen. It is to put the weapon in its proper perspective and explain why Italian battles have not so far been decided by mass tank actions. At any time the defences might make a mistake and the field might be temporarily clear; and we would doubtless hear of great armoured clashes again. They will probably tend, however, to be as rare as great clashes of naval battle-fleets.

ONE VERY VALUABLE USE FOR ALLIED ARMOUR: Tanks loaded with British infantry move up through the streets of Torre Annunziata looking for nests of German snipers during "mopping-up" operations around the Bay of Naples

THE ROADS WHICH LEAD TO ROME

And the Battles of the Volturno River

Shown in Map and Diagram by Sphere Artists



THE MAIN HIGHWAYS INTO ROME AND OUT OF IT. Many of these date back to the days when Rome was the mightiest city in the world: they can still carry military traffic right up to its gates *(See notes at right)*

The map on the left has been prepared in order to show the three possible main lines of approach to the city and the network of roads which provide routes of retreat for any possible movements of the Germans towards the north. Rome, it will be seen, stands as a kind of ganglion into which actually some nine roads converge. The Via Ostiense is only a short roadway to the sea and two other roads may be considered duplications of routes.

In approaching from the south, it will be observed that no main road follows the sea coast. This is probably due to the nature of the flat territory, which is cut into a confusing number of gullies by watercourses flowing from the Alba Hills. These hills are actually the old crater rim of a volcano. The Alba Lake and Lake Nemi are both volcanic in origin. The hills slope away in all directions, densely covered with vine-trees.

The first of the main roads from the south is the Via Appia, which passes through Velletri and Albano on its way to Rome. There is a branch road through Marino and Frascati, famous for its Renaissance villas. This is known as the Via Tuscolana. The next main traffic route is the Via Casilina, which passes through a highly picturesque district, including Palestrino, well known to artists. The third of the main highways is the Via Valeria, which connects with the Via Tiburtina. This route passes through Tivoli, with its famous cascades and remains of Hadrian's Villa.

Outside Rome the enemy has four main lines of retreat, the first being the Via Aurelia, which by way of Palo skirts the sea to Spezzia and Genoa. To the north-west there is the Via Cassia, which connects with the Via Claudia and passes Bracciano, an historic spot with a broad lake adjacent to the road.

Running due north is the Via Flaminia, which passes through Castelnuovo to Narmi and the cities of the north. To the north runs the fourth route, the Via Salari, which follows the eastern side of the Tiber Valley. This ultimately leads north-east to Ancona and has a relief route through Rieti, penetrating the famous Sabine Hills.

Most of the roads shown here date from classical Roman times, though improved to meet modern conditions of traffic. The Via Appia is probably the best known. This famous highway, lined for a considerable distance with the tombs of great Romans, is the oldest and greatest of the Consular roads; considerable sections of its route run directly straight from point to point, avoiding the mountains on the one hand and the marsh difficulties on the other. The foundations of the roadways were constructed of lava blocks, and have borne traffic in some cases for twenty centuries.

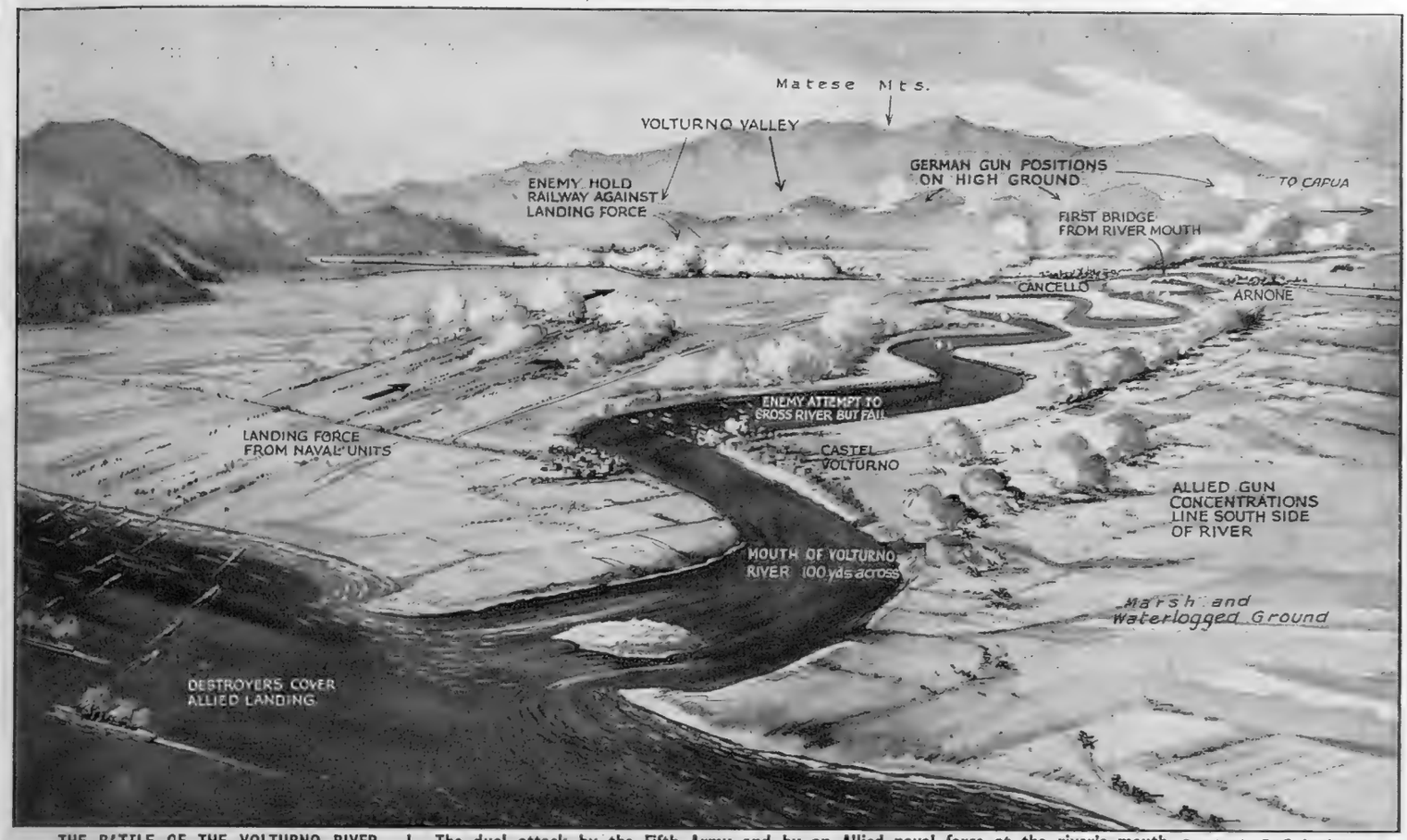
The Via Salari is another of the very ancient roads. The Via Flaminia, its neighbour to the west of the Tiber Valley, was first built under the Roman Republic. These roads were so well constructed by their original Roman builders that they have survived the darkest period of the Medieval Age into the period of the Renaissance down to the period of the auto-strade.

SIDELIGHT ON THE BRITISH SOLDIER AT WAR. He does not mind lending a hand in sweeping the streets! A scene from Cava after its occupation by the Fifth Army

SIDELIGHT ON THE BRITISH SOLDIER. An airman buys a picture postcard to send home—a scene from Salerno. The picture-postcard shops were the first to open up after our occupation, and they promptly began a brisk trade

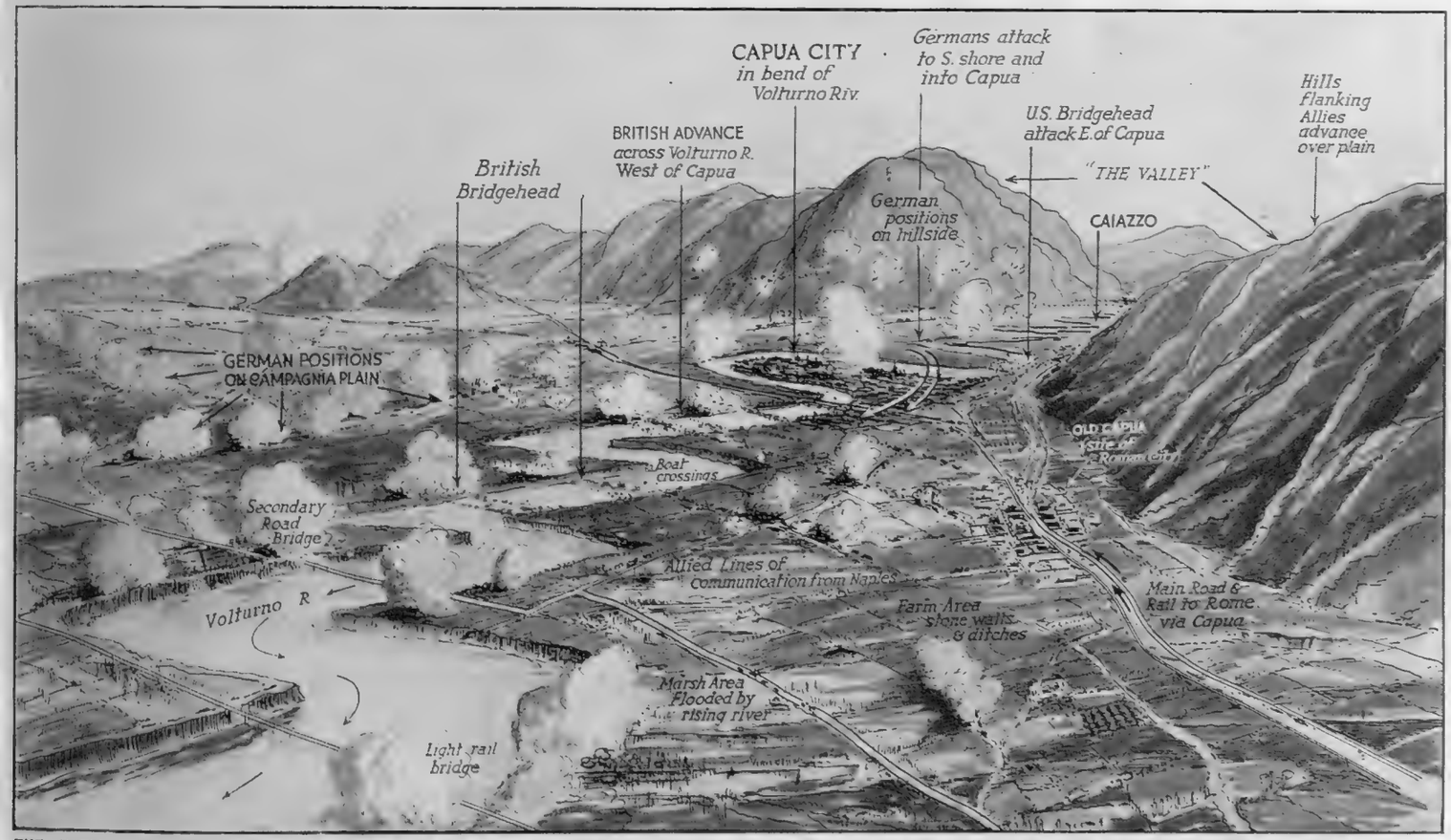
GERMAN DEFENCE METHODS AROUND VESUVIUS: This German 75-mm. anti-tank gun was knocked out by mortar-fire. It had been covering the main bridge leading into the town of Scafati, which lies to the south of the volcano (which is seen in the background)

BRUNO MUSSOLINO'S VILLA NEAR NAPLES. A Kittyhawk squadron of the R.A.A.F. have moved into this villa: Bruno was the commanding officer of a bomber squadron which made its headquarters at this spot at the time of Italy's attack on Greece. An Australian flying officer is shown above drawing a kangaroo under the nameplate of the villa



THE BATTLE OF THE VOLTURNO RIVER. I.—The dual attack by the Fifth Army and by an Allied naval force at the river's mouth—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The arduous task of forcing the enemy from the banks of the winding River Volturno was divided into two parts. There was the struggle in the bends to the east and west of the city of Capua itself, and also a distinct (although co-related) operation at the lower reaches of the river and at the mouth itself. The enemy seemed scarcely prepared for these attacks, and concentrated his fiercest resistance in the neighbourhood of Capua. But a determined attack was made across the river mouth, where a wide, rushing stream presented itself in front of the attacking parties. The banks are low, but just high enough to make the landing of a tank or mobile gun difficult. Light railway and road bridges spanned the river, but these had evidently been destroyed. Gradually, the assault parties fought their way across and established bridgeheads. Then came the welcome amphibious operation just to the north of the Volturno's mouth; under cover of naval guns, this operation was successfully carried out and troops were able to advance to the line of the canal running some three miles north of the river. In the above drawing, the seaward stretch of the river is shown as far inland as the two hamlets of Arnone and Cancello, where the first local road and rail bridges cross the Volturno



THE BATTLE OF THE VOLTURNO RIVER. II.—An overhead view of the marshy plain leading up to the city of Capua and to the River Volturno at the points where the British and American bridgeheads were soon successfully established—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The Fifth Army had to advance over a very difficult stretch of flat country as it fought its way to the southern bank of the Volturno River. The plain is intersected by dikes and ditches and the farmlands are surrounded by high stone walls. Here and there are marshy stretches bordered by tall rushes. All these become deeper and more extensive, owing to the heavy October rains. As the American and British spread out across this plain in order to attempt the crossing of the river at a number of points, they had to thread their way through this difficult country, making use as far as possible of the main road and railways, which run from Naples to Rome, across the plain by way of Caserta and Old and New Capua. Farm roads here and there gave sufficient hard ground for the advance of heavy wheeled traffic. The main road lies under the shadow of some higher rocky hills, seen in the view on the extreme right. Two main crossings of the Volturno were to be attempted near the modern city of Capua, which, as will be seen here, occupies one of the loops formed by the windings of the river. Old Capua lies a few miles to the south. This occupies the site of the Roman city. Just as the two main attempts to cross the river in the immediate vicinity of Capua were being set in motion, the Germans launched an attack of their own, and succeeded in landing infantry on the southern shore and at one time forced their way into the streets of Capua itself. As the tide of the Allied advance rolled up towards the river, these German forces were gradually forced back, but not before some very hot and desperate fighting on both banks and on the surface of the river itself. Germans, lurking in pockets on the southern banks combined their fire with that of the German gunners situated in advantageous positions on high ground to the north, and Allied infantry and material on rafts and rubber floats suffered severely from this cross fire. Persistent pressure, however, coupled with heroic efforts at crucial moments on the north bank, enabled a number of bridgeheads to be established. The German forces were found to be occupying various positions on the low ground and on the slopes of the hills towards the north-east, from which elevated positions they, for a time, dropped harassing fire upon our advancing troops and their communications. British troops appear to have been engaged in the crossings to the west of Capua city, while U.S. forces attacked at the bends of the river towards Caiazzo. The upper windings of the river are shown between the two masses of high hills

ESCAPE to FREEDOM in ITALY

British Prisoners of War Regain Our Lines; and Anti-Fascist Prisoners are Freed from Internment

ITALIAN ANTI-FASCISTS PACKING UP to leave the concentration camp at St. di Barraccano. Their country is now in process of liberation and these political prisoners are free to leave for home

THE EIGHTH ARMY HAVE TAKEN OVER THE ISSUE OF RATIONS. There are many internees who still cannot return to their occupied countries: they are now receiving proper rations supplied by the Allies

LEAVING FOR HOME: A British soldier helps an Italian internee to fix his pack before he undertakes the long trek back to his village after a period of internment in the concentration camp

BACK TO THE BRITISH LINES AFTER THE COLLAPSE OF ITALY: AN ESCAPE prison camp. Owing to the confusion existing throughout the country after Italy's

FRIENDS DURING THEIR MONTHS OF INCARCERATION, these two women (one the wife of an Italian anti-Fascist who is going home) cling to each other as they say farewell at the gates of the internment camp

ED PRISONER OF WAR IS HAULED TO SAFETY BY THE MEN OF AN ADVANCED BRITISH GUN POST, after he and a comrade had made a successful dash from an Italian a]'s collapse, numbers of our men were able to regain their freedom in this manner. Both the soldiers seen in this picture are dressed in peasant garb to facilitate their movements through the countryside—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

The Minister of War, Sir James Grigg, has informed the House of Commons that a certain number of British prisoners, who had been held in Italian prison camps, have escaped from internment and reached the British lines. No precise details as to the number can be given, but from time to time these welcome reunions are still being reported from Italy. When the excitement following the fall of Mussolini and the surrender of the Italian Government had subsided, a number of attempts were made by Allied prisoners to burst out of confinement and regain their freedom. The task of reaching the British lines, however, has not been an easy one. It was not long before German troops were actively endeavouring to control all frontier movements, as is their wont. But with the aid of local inhabitants, some of our men were able to thread their way southwards and enter the northern end of the battle zone in the manner shown in the above drawing. Frequently they experienced many lucky escapes from detection before reaching this region; and even after they had reached comparative safety, the escaping soldiers must have found it very difficult to establish contact with the advanced posts they were trying to reach

AN AMERICAN AIRMAN WHO FOOLED THE GERMANS. This is 2nd Lieut. Douglas A. Neilson, of Minneapolis, whose plane was shot down near Foggia. He dressed himself in peasant clothes and, after sneaking through the German lines, succeeded in joining up with Canadian forces. He is here seen in the little town of Atella, still wearing his civilian clothing and cooking a welcome meal out of Army rations

On left—Set in the centre of Italy, near the small town of St. di Barraccano, is the greatest concentration camp on the Italian mainland. Up to the time of the Eighth Army's arrival, many of the prisoners at this spot had all but starved to death. The Eighth Army is now supplying the camp with English rations. The majority of the 1,500 internees, despite their liberation, must remain in the camp, as they are nearly all German Jews, Poles and Yugoslavs, and as yet have no country to which they can return. Those who could leave have now done so, but the remainder, under a camp director installed by themselves, now live as a happier community. Many brilliant names are numbered among the internees. The pictures on the left are possibly the first to be taken in a concentration camp which show the present manner of living in such surroundings. Many of the children seen in the pictures were born in the camp; but such was the spirit of the internees that educational problems were soon solved. They set to work and built a schoolhouse, besides which they constructed their own bungalows in what was once a mere barbed-wire enclosure. Many Allied nations are represented in the camp, including French, Czechs, Yugoslavs and Chinese

SCENES in NAPLES CITY and HARBOUR

Since its Capture by the Fifth Army at Dawn on October 1

AN ALLIED CONVOY ARRIVES IN NAPLES HARBOUR, under the smouldering cone of Mount Vesuvius. The vessels are flying a protective balloon barrage, and Neapolitan boatmen are putting out to welcome them. This was the first convoy to steam into the harbour and it arrived very shortly after the Allied occupation

THE FIRST TWO MEN TO ENTER THE CITY. Corporal F. Barrett, of Acton, and Corporal G. Sames, from Old Ford. Both are Londoners, and they drove into the city in a "Dingo" scout car early on the morning of October 1

NEAPOLITAN STREET SCENE: Crowds of Italians, who had been resisting and hampering the Germans and Fascists after Italy's surrender, rush to cheer the first English troops as they enter the city and then to clear a way for them through the excited crowds

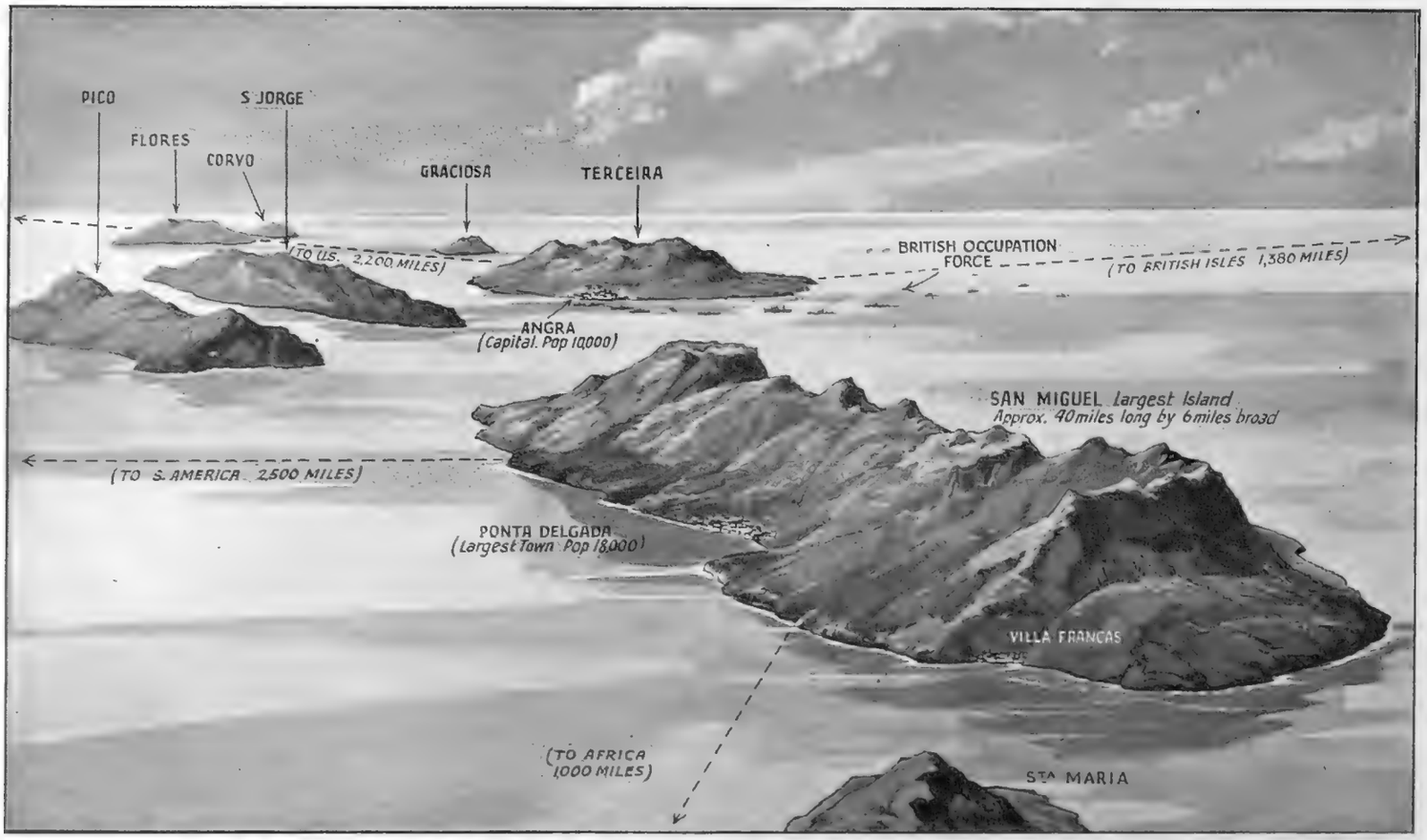
THE FIFTH ARMY GET THE NAPLES WATER-SUPPLY WORKING. When the Allies entered, the city was entirely without water, due partly to our bombing and partly to German demolitions before leaving. Everywhere, people were carrying containers of all shapes and sizes to the nearest well or point where they could get water from the broken mains. Within twenty-four hours British engineers had a number of controlled water points in operation. This was the scene in one street as the people carried their precious supplies to their homes

THE PEOPLE OF NAPLES WATCH THE BATTLE FOR THEIR CITY. Refugees from Italian villages in the path of the contending armies walking round a mountain to return to their homes after the Fifth had pressed forward on the heels of the retreating Germans. Below them is the Plain of Naples, with Vesuvius in the background

ITALIAN EXUBERANCE AFTER THE CITY'S CAPTURE. The crowd in a Naples street, many thousands strong, greeting the Allied Army. Amongst them are a number of Italian soldiers and Carabinieri, still in possession of their rifles. Note the prominently displayed flags of the Allies

A SCENE IN THE HARBOUR AT NAPLES AS REINFORCEMENTS OF AMERICAN TROOPS ARRIVE AT THE QUAYSIDE IN A BIG LANDING CRAFT shortly after the Allied occupation. Most of the waterfront is in complete ruins, but some buildings still stand—as this picture demonstrates: around the base of the white-walled building above, it will be noticed that blast walls have been erected on the English model. For months the city was subjected to bombing raids of the greatest intensity, but work is now afoot to repair the damage; convoys are already arriving in the harbour and it may soon become a valuable base for the reinforcement and supply of our armies now pressing on towards Rome

HOW THE GERMANS LEFT THE CENTRAL STATION IN NAPLES—THE FLOODED BAY OF THE PIAZZA GARIBALDI, which resembled a swimming-bath when this picture was taken. The German demolitions before departure included the smashing of many of the water-mains; in consequence, certain parts of the city were flooded, and all parts were left without drinking-water. The demolitions were at once tackled by engineers of the Fifth Army who soon reduced order out of the prevailing chaos and made good the vital supplies



THE GROUP OF ISLANDS IN MID-ATLANTIC WHICH HAVE BECOME AN ADVANCED BASE FOR SEA AND AIR OPERATIONS AGAINST THE GERMAN U-BOATS: A view of the Azores, showing the island of Terceira, where the chief British landing took place, and the island of San Miguel, where the Axis nationals living in the Azores group will soon be concentrated by the Portuguese—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

ON THE LARGEST OF THE AZORES ISLANDS: A typical village street on San Miguel, where the conditions of life are still very primitive amongst the more out-of-the-way village communities

NEW ZEALAND FLAX DRYING ON RACKS ON SAN MIGUEL ISLAND. The Azores are highly developed: they produce practically all the fruits and field crops grown in temperate and torrid zones. The island-grown flax is very strong and is used for making rope

The AZORES: Air and Naval Bases Granted to Great Britain for the Duration of the War

On October 12 Mr. Churchill informed the House of Commons that the Portuguese Government had agreed to grant facilities in the Azores to the British Government to enable better protection to be provided for merchant shipping in the Atlantic. The facilities afforded meant that air and naval bases on the islands would be open for Allied use, a matter of immense importance in the U-boat warfare. From the islands, lying far out in the Atlantic, reconnaissance planes can cover great distances over the ocean, hunting for U-boat packs, and so can keep a guard over the supply lines from the United States to the Mediterranean and also from Britain to South America.

The Azores consist of nine islands lying 900 miles due west from Portugal, in the mid-Atlantic. They are 1,380 miles from England, 1,000 miles from Newfoundland and 2,000 miles from Bermuda. They are a group of volcanic islands, many of them having suffered from numerous volcanic eruptions. The greatest sufferer has been the island of San Miguel, the largest of the group. The sea-coast is both high and steep, affording few natural harbours.

Dr. Salazar, who holds full authority in Portugal, being Prime Minister, Foreign Minister and War Minister, has agreed to the facilities on the Azores, hoping, as he said, to bring greater safety in the Atlantic, and that he trusted this new proof of Portugal's loyalty to her traditions would fortify the alliance and serve to draw closer the bonds of friendship between the two peoples. It is no doubt true that the facilities could not have been granted during the time of Hitler's high-water mark of military success, and the occasion illustrates the decline of the Nazi power and prestige.

The old alliance with Portugal to which Mr. Churchill referred in his speech as having lasted for nearly 600 years—"without a parallel in history"—was first arranged in 1373, but the main treaty was settled in 1386, known as the Treaty of Windsor. It was of great importance to Portugal at that time, for the alliance forced Spain to give up the hope of conquering Portugal.

A SCENE AT THE CUSTOMS GATE AT PONTA DELGADA. This is the chief port on San Miguel Island: it has a population of 18,000 and may well prove to be of great value to the Allies during coming anti-U-boat operations in the Azores

RUNNING IN ARMS TO THE GUERILLA FORCES ALONG THE DALMATIAN COAST. According to reports from Sofia, the Allies have been shipping supplies to the Patriot and Partisan forces operating against the German garrisons throughout Yugoslavia. This drawing re-creates the scene at one of the many tiny ports along the coast: an Allied corvette, laden with supplies, has crept in to the harbour, and the cases are being ferried ashore by local craft to a pier where willing hands load them swiftly on to motor-trucks to be hurried away to some secret cache in the interior—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The FIGHT of the PATRIOTS in YUGOSLAVIA

When the full surrender of Italy was announced on September 8, German troops were ordered to seize all the ports previously held by Italians. The Yugoslav Patriot forces were also alive to the value of the coastal ports, and their guerilla bands set out to prevent the Germans from reaching the vital points. At once they attacked Istria, and by September 13 were holding Susak, an important harbour close to Fiume, together with forty miles of the coast as far south as Seng. Their greatest triumph was the capture of Split (Spalato) on the 17th, where the Italian Bergamo Division surrendered with all its equipment. Then Fiume fell to the impetuous onslaught of the Partisans, even the Germans admitting that it was held by them.

It has been difficult to gather a complete picture of the situation along the Adriatic, as the reports from the Partisan Headquarters differed completely from the German official news. The Nazis certainly captured Kotor (Cattaro) on September 15 and then put out a claim to hold all the Dalmatian and Albanian coasts. The Partisans would sometimes be able to seize a place for a time and then have to retire before overwhelming odds. It seems certain that they held Split for eleven days and fought with great fierceness and courage against the Germans.

Susak seems to have changed hands more than once, being taken again by the Partisans on September 23, after which there was street fighting for several days till the Germans, supported by Italian Fascist troops and Ustachi Croats, counter-attacked with force, driving out the Patriots. Even then the Germans did not hold undisputed possession, as the Patriot forces held on to the outlying districts. Fiume was recaptured by the Germans on September 22, who, however, were allowed little peace in the Istrian area, as Partisan shock troops actually penetrated into Trieste, where street fighting took place. Even now reports come in of fighting in and about Trieste.

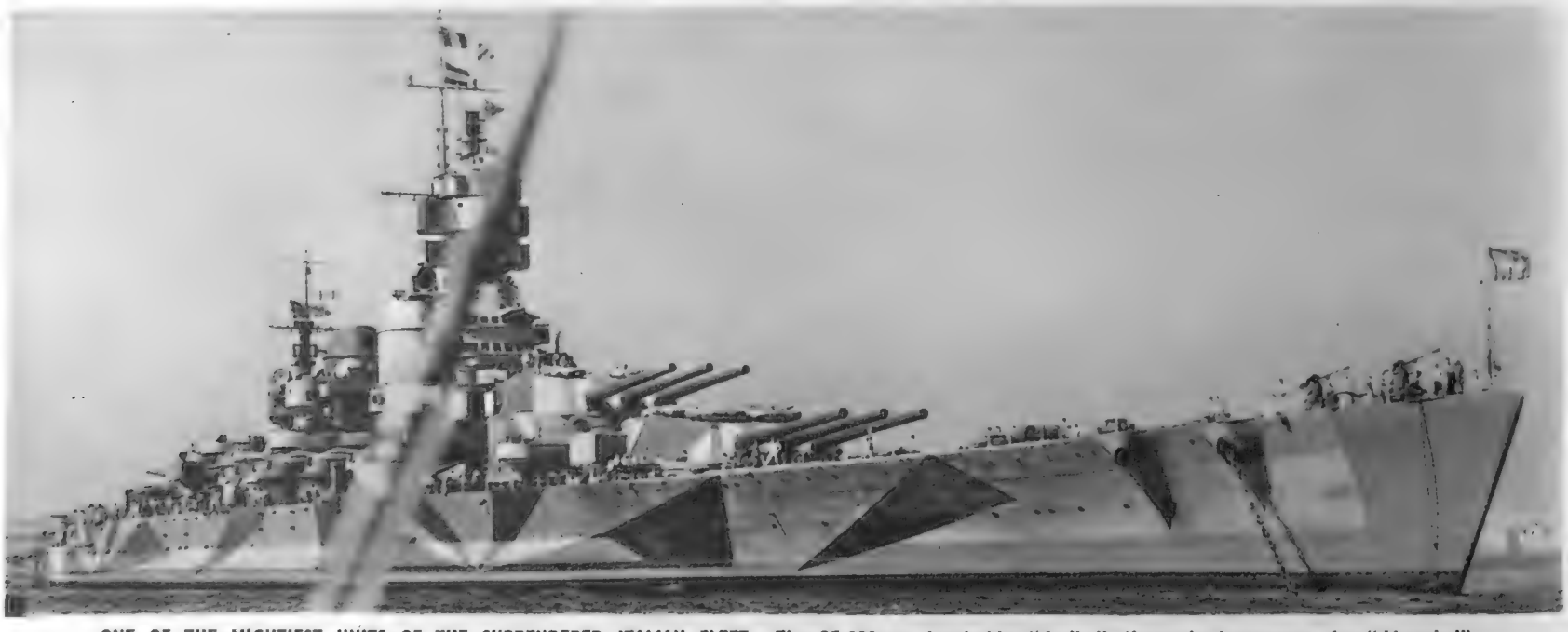
Parts of the coast lying between the ports are held by the Yugoslav Patriots, and round about Split the Germans are hemmed in, many of the mountain passes being in the hands of the Patriots. Nearly all the numerous small islands, making a chain along the coast, are in Patriot hands, supplies being obtained from Allied ships.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MARKS APIECE for the Yugoslav leaders. These two announcements are taken from the Nazi-controlled *Novo Vreme* of Belgrade for July 21. They offer rewards of 100,000 German Reichsmarks in gold for the capture, dead or alive, of the leaders of Yugoslav resistance—General Drazha Mihailovic (on left), leader of the Chetniks, and General Tito (on right), leader of the Partisans. Since this announcement, General Tito has arrived in Cairo for conversations with the Allied leaders

THE AREAS CONTROLLED BY THE GUERILLAS IN YUGOSLAVIA. The Germans control only narrow corridors through the country; the islands and the hill districts are held by their Patriot enemies. Many of the big towns have actually been besieged by the bands of guerillas, against whom the German trained forces seem quite helpless

A SCENE IN SPLIT after its recapture by the Germans. This important harbour town was held by the guerillas for eleven days, and they were only dislodged after violent fighting. The scene above shows a German gun installed on the quayside after the port's recapture

THE FIRST VESSEL TO ENTER THE BAY: A BRITISH MOTOR GUNBOAT, WHICH LED A SQUADRON OF SIMILAR VESSELS WHICH HAD EARLIER CAPTURED FOUR ISLANDS NEAR NAPLES. As the Navy steamed towards the harbour, the bay was filled with fishing-smacks and rowing-boats crammed with Italians returning home after having previously fled before the Germans. When the British vessels passed, they stood up, shouted, clapped hands, waved the Italian ensign and gave the V sign. Later, our minesweepers slowly passed the harbour's mouth and then through the narrow boom, to sweep a clear channel through to the commercial port—"one of the most daring acts of the war." In the drawing above, the island of Capri is seen in the background: the fishing-craft with which the bay is filled are typical of the smaller vessels of the Naples and Amalfi districts—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*



ONE OF THE MIGHTIEST UNITS OF THE SURRENDERED ITALIAN FLEET: The 35,000-ton battleship "Italia" (formerly known as the "Littorio")

When the two portions of the Italian Fleet came in to Malta, amongst the vessels from Spezia was the battleship *Italia*. This 35,000-ton vessel was laid down in October 1934 as the *Littorio*: she was completed in May 1940—just in time for the "stab in the back" by Mussolini a month later. Like all her class, *Littorio* (now renamed *Italia*) is a vessel of 35,000 tons, with a complement of 1,600. Her length is 775 ft. overall, with a beam of 106 ft. For armament, she has nine 15-in. guns, twelve 6-in. guns and a number of smaller anti-aircraft weapons. She carries three aircraft aboard, launched by two catapults. On her trials, she exceeded her designed speed of 30 knots. One of her sister-ships, the *Roma*, was sunk by the Germans on her way to Malta, it will be recalled: another of the same class, the *Impero*, is still incomplete and is now presumably in German hands

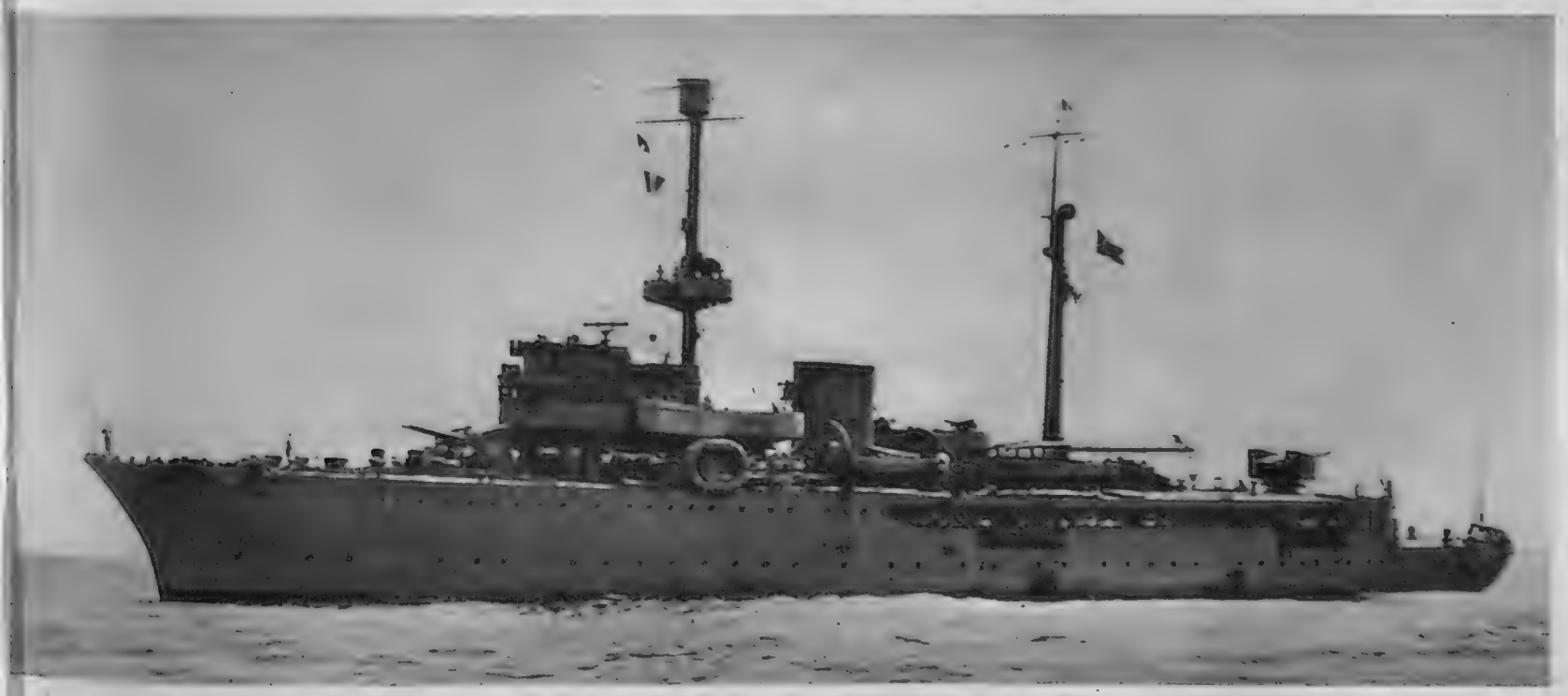
The ROYAL NAVY in the BAY of NAPLES

With Pictures of the Havoc in the Harbour; and Two More Views of Units of the Italian Fleet

IN THE HARBOUR AT NAPLES: Airmen of the R.A.F. sit on the quayside near a capsized merchant vessel. Its superstructure is crumpled and its mast broken as the ship struck the quay when it turned over. Quays, landing berths and moles were all blown up by the Germans—to add to the ruins previously caused by the Allied bombing raids on the naval base and harbour

A CRUMPLED GANTRY CRANE LYING IN A WATER-FILLED BOMB-CRATER in Naples Harbour. Behind are to be seen the girders of other gantry cranes which are now nothing more than a mass of twisted steel

Below—**AN ITALIAN WARSHIP SURRENDERS AT COLOMBO: The colonial sloop "Eritrea."** Long after the main Italian Fleet surrendered at Malta, this vessel put in at Colombo, in Ceylon. When Italy joined the war in 1940, the *Eritrea* was at Massawa: in February 1942, when the colony of Eritrea was occupied by British troops, the sloop escaped from the East African harbour and made for Japanese waters. Since then she has been in Shanghai, Japan and Singapore. The *Eritrea* was built in Castellammare in 1936: she is a vessel of 2,172 tons, with an overall length of 274 ft. She is armed with four 4·7-in. and four 37-mm. anti-aircraft guns; is fitted for minelaying; and has a speed of 20 knots

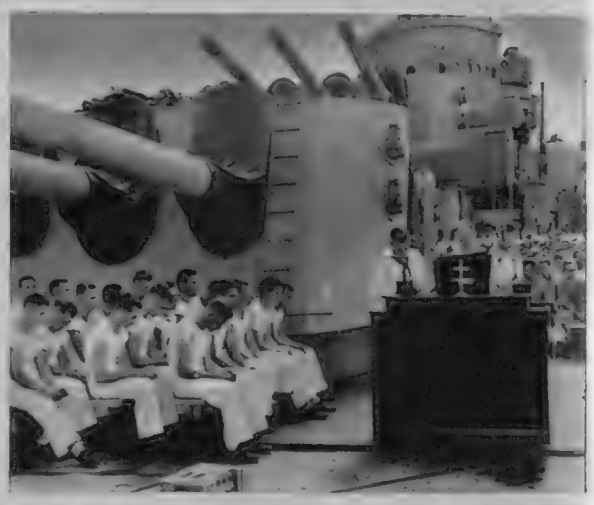


THE STARS AND STRIPES AND THE UNION JACK SIDE BY SIDE DURING THE BODO ACTION ON OCTOBER 4. The battleship of the Home Fleet on the left is a vessel of the Queen Elizabeth class: alongside her is a U.S. destroyer of the Dunlap class. In the distance is an American aircraft-carrier from which bombers are raiding enemy merchant ships, ore ships and tankers—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The U.S. and BRITISH NAVAL FLAGS FLY TOGETHER

When the Home Fleet Struck Against German Shipping at Bodo in Norway

When the Home Fleet went into action against German shipping off Bodo, on the Norwegian coast, it was the first time that a United States naval "Task Force" was mentioned as operating with it. The American ships included an aircraft-carrier, from whose decks were flown the bombers which actually attacked the Nazi vessels. The combined Fleet was under the command of Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser: their objective was the enemy shipping in the inner leads between the mainland and the thousands of off-lying islands. It would appear as if the Bodo attack was bound up with the units of the German Navy lying farther to the north in the Alten Fiord, as the convoy attacked by our aircraft may well have been on the way up with urgent oil and other supplies



MASS ON AN AMERICAN CRUISER: Sailors sit with bowed heads under the big guns of a cruiser as their chaplain, the Rev. Stephen V. Hannon (behind the altar), celebrates Mass

On left—**THE COAST OF NORWAY, showing the position of Bodo, where the Home Fleet struck on October 4; the Alten Fiord, where British midget submarines attacked the "Tirpitz" on September 22; and the route followed by the pocket battleship "Lutzow" on September 28-29, when she fled south to Germany after reports of disaffection among the Nazi crews in the far north**

Above—**AFTER THE ACTION AT BODO. The welcome back to base given to the American aircraft-carrier by her escorts after German shipping at Bodo had been raided by aircraft from the carrier's deck. Rear-Admiral R. L. Burnett is seen (second from right) joining with the crew of his ship, H.M.S. "Belfast," in the cheering. All the British ships were similarly manned**

THE REJECTION OF FASCISM

As Demonstrated by the Civilian Population of Towns already Liberated by the Allied Armies in Italy

A TOWN IN SOUTHERN ITALY IS TAKEN OVER. Through the medium of an enthusiastic, but indifferent, interpreter, the Regimental Adjutant addresses the townsfolk

The speedy advance of the Eighth Army from its initial landing points in Italy left the A.M.G. officials many miles behind the main attacking forces. The newly-taken towns and villages, therefore, had to rely on the administration and justice of British officers after the complete rejection of the Fascist regime by the general populace. Most of the pictures given here were taken in the town of Castelliccio dei Sauri, and they illustrate this angle of modern warfare. A Regiment of Artillery entered the town, and a Battery Major was installed as Temporary Town Mayor, to carry on the administration

THE OVERTHROW OF FASCISM IN THE CANOSA-FOGGIA AREA. People in the historic old town of Andria (population 50,000) burn Fascist literature in the streets after the occupation of the area by the Eighth Army

N CASTELLICCIO, the Local Town Council was found to consist wholly of Fascists. British gunners were soon escorting them to the local prison for investigation—a procedure which had the backing of the whole population

AFTER THE REMOVAL OF THE FASCIST MAYOR OF CASTELLICCIO, the people's spontaneous choice for his successor fell upon a Socialist, Enrico Micucci. He is here seen being escorted through the streets by some of his supporters. Micucci is in the centre of the group above, wearing a trilby hat and with his hands in his trouser pockets, on his way to take over his duties at the Municipal offices

HOW NAPLES WELCOMED THE DECLARATION OF WAR AGAINST GERMANY. Cheering crowds of Italians outside the A.M.G. Building after the news had been made public

THIS OLD MAN IN THE CROWD AT CASTELLICCIO apparently agrees wholeheartedly with the policy laid down by the British. He probably has many happy memories of the "good old days" before the coming of Mussolini and Fascism

The BADGE of the ROYAL SIGNALS is MERCURY

Without this Corps Modern Warfare would be Impossible. Here is a Description of the Part it Plays Described by CHARLES GRAVES

WHEN Lieut.-General H. Lumsden, D.S.O., M.C., that brilliant 12th Lancer whose handling of our armour in the Middle East contributed so much to the rout of the Germans, returned to England, he produced his Chief Signal Officer to his senior staff. "Take a good look at him," he said, pointing at the blushing colonel. "What he says goes. If there are no Signals, there is no Corps."

Information about one's own and enemy movements has always been a vital factor in every successful battle or campaign. This is more true to-day than ever. Hannibal introduced the use of torches arranged in groups of five as an early form of signalling lamp. In the Hellenic wars a polished shield answered the purpose of a crude heliograph, while up to the middle of the nineteenth century the principal method of communication was undoubtedly the despatch-rider. Even the great battles, like Waterloo, were fought on a front of two miles or less. In consequence, the dashing and gallant A.D.C. was an important as well as a picturesque figure on the battlefield in those days. The Duke of Wellington gained great advantage from his well-mounted orderly officers, whose experience in the hunting field made them very quick across country.

It was not until the Crimean War that the telegraph was developed for military purposes by the British—once again the pioneers of a new military weapon just as they later invented the tank. In the Crimea, ploughs were drawn by wagons to make the trenches in which to lay the cables. Unfortunately, the field mice ate through the thin insulations. (Ploughs drawn by motor trucks and tractors were used for exactly the same purpose in the Western Desert in this war, but the desert rats found the modern cable too tough for them.)

It was in the Middle East on September 13 over sixty years ago that the first despatch announcing a victory of the British Army was sent home from an Army telegraph office in the field. This was the victory of Tel-el-Kebir, where "C" Troop of the Royal Engineers, direct ancestors of the present Royal Corps of Signals, had erected two miles of line on poles to keep the Highland Brigade in touch with their base. (To-day there is an Army telegraph and telephone line over 3,000 miles long over which the news of many victories has been passed.)

The first real communication units were the Telegraph Battalions, R.E., who made their appearance in the South African War. From 1914 to 1918, too, communications were still the responsibility of the Royal Engineers, but the R.E. Signals, or Signal Service, as it was commonly called, had little in common with the field companies and was already almost a separate organisation. By the end of the war it was apparent that the importance and the scale of communications in modern warfare was such that the creation of a specialist corps was justified.

It was not, however, until June 28, 1920, that King George V approved the formation of a new corps called the Royal Corps of Signals, or Royal Signals—for short. On that day the new corps took over from the Royal Engineers the responsibility for providing inter-communication in the Army (with the exception of the postal services) right down to battalions and batteries, where intercommunication personnel is provided on the spot by the infantrymen, gunners or tank troops, who are trained as signallers. It must be observed that the word "signalman" is used exclusively for Royal Signals personnel, and "signallers" for unit inter-communication personnel.

To-day the tasks of the Royal Signals are: (1) responsibility for communications throughout the Army wherever it is—from the War Office to bases and G.H.Q. overseas and on to the headquarters of armies, corps, divisions and brigades as far as the tank regiments, the batteries of artillery, A.-A. gun sites, infantry battalions, paratroops, and beach landing parties; (2) responsibility for the maintenance and first-line repairs of all signal equipment, whether operated by Royal Signals or other units—that includes the responsibility for the infantry's signal equipment and the wireless sets found in every tank and armoured car; (3) responsibility for the land-line communications of the R.A.F. overseas, which is a vast and growing commitment; (4) responsibility for a world-wide wireless chain to the theatres of war and to supplement civil communications to the Dominions and Colonies and the Allied capitals, including Moscow and Chungking; (5) secret commitments.

To accomplish these various tasks a wide variety of equipment, much of it new, is necessary. The eyes of the Army are the aircraft and fast motor vehicles. Reconnaissance aircraft can see movements of troops and locations of headquarters far behind the enemy lines, but their information is useless unless it can be relayed to the Army quickly to enable the Commander to make his plans. Armoured cars, scout cars and tanks can move fast, too, and locate enemy ground troops. But again rapid communications are required to get the information back.

The headquarters of even corps and armies are highly mobile to-day, and their wireless stations have to combine mobility with power and range hitherto expected only of semi-permanent installations. For the majority of wireless sets are carried in armoured and lorry command vehicles which form the operational headquarters on wheels, wireless trucks, tanks and armoured cars. And as the ancillary services — the R.E., R.A.M.C., R.A.S.C., R.A.O.C. and R.E.M.E.—have to keep pace with the fighting units, wireless communication has become necessary for them also, and the Royal Signals provide it for all of them. The result is a tremendous increase in the scale of wireless equipment, and in a single division to-day the number of wireless sets approaches four figures.

The trouble is that Army wireless cannot work from the "mains." It needs batteries which are heavy and cumbrous, and need recharging after a few hours' work. Portable charging plant, some of it built into the vehicles, is an important part of Signals equipment, and the chug-chug of the little petrol engine generators used for charging batteries is one of the most familiar sounds in modern campaigning. It is heard whenever there is a lull in the daytime or a halt for the night, for to-morrow's battle might easily be lost by a single run-down battery.

Lines are still used even in forward areas whenever there is a halt, if only because messages and conversations are then more secure from enemy interception. Farther back, along the lines of communication, the Army had been used, as in France in both wars, to having at its disposal an extensive civil system of communications, including big overhead routes of lines. In Libya and Tunisia such lines as existed were either smashed up or in bad repair, and the Royal Signals (and the Australian, New Zealand and South African Signals, too) had to improvise and construct their own permanent telephone and telegraph lines over hundreds and later thousands of miles of difficult country. To make signals readable and speech audible over those vast distances and to enable several messages to be sent simultaneously over the same pair of wires, highly complicated line transmission equipment has had to be used. To look after it, linemen mechanics—a new Signals trade—had to be trained in a few weeks to do work which normally takes years to learn.

The chief trades in Royal Signals are electricians, instrument mechanics, operator, wireless and line; operator, keyboard and line (i.e., teleprinter); lineman, despatch-rider and driver-mechanic. Officers are signal officers, while the equivalent of a private, gunner or sapper is a signalman.

In peacetime Royal Signals officers newly commissioned from Woolwich trained for eighteen months at the School of Signals, Catterick. The pressure of this war made it necessary to concentrate their training into eight months; while by various devices it was found possible to make an operator in twenty-one weeks, a percentage of whom have to be bi-lingual.

Officers and men of the Royal Signals had earned 5 D.S.O.s, 26 Military Crosses, 14 Distinguished Conduct Medals, 131 Military Medals; and, in addition, over 700 had been mentioned in dispatches before the Sicilian campaign began. It is safe to say that many more awards for gallantry are on their way, for in Combined Operations, as in Sicily and Italy, officers and men of the Royal Signals have to go ashore with the assault troops. They also have to fly in the gliders and jump with the paratroops, and operate and mend wireless sets in tanks, scout cars and armoured command vehicles. They are the technicians in the front of the battle and often they have had to join in the fighting with rifle and bayonet, Bren gun and grenade. In the height of the battle they go round from tank to tank, from truck to truck, trying the sets and inspecting the batteries.

The existence of the Beach Signal Unit has been a well-kept secret for three years. This truly combined unit consists partly of Royal Signals personnel and partly of naval communication ratings. They land with the assault troops, establish a signal station on or near the beach, and there keep in touch by wireless with the armed units which have landed, and with their Commander, who is still afloat. Their job, in fact, is to provide an inter-service wireless telephone system at the moment of our landing operations when reliable communications are most essential and yet most difficult to provide and maintain. They are trained like Commandos to fend for themselves under the most arduous conditions.

Each unit carries its own weapons, and, as at Salerno, may find itself helping to clear the beach of the enemy, or to repel the first fierce counter-attacks. When at last the Army has passed inland and the ports have been captured for the landing of men and munitions, they dismantle their aerials, pack up their sets, and move off for the next assault landing.

In a secret, newly constructed strong-point in the heart of London I have been visiting the nerve centre of the Army. The signal office and the high-speed wireless-room are deep in the earth, and, of course, air-conditioned. A.T.S. form two-thirds of the total staff. It is quite clear that the War Office wireless communication system bears little relation to what it was in 1939. Messages are sent, wherever possible, by high-speed automatic transmission. By this method the receiving stations in England automatically put the messages in high-speed Morse on to lines to this terminal, where machines automatically convert them into print. The messages are still in cipher, and are sent on to the cipher room by pneumatic tube. Outgoing messages arrive in the signal office from the cipher room in the same way. They are then punched on to long slips with holes corresponding to the Morse dots and dashes. For the purpose of checking over, there is a monitoring method of reception known as undulation, which I did not begin to understand. It was most exciting, however, to realise that vital directives were being passed under my nose to and from Italy, Moscow, the War Office, and all the front line theatres of war. I very much doubt whether Berlin has anything to compare with it.

As all Service men know, the badge of the Royal Signals is Mercury. But not even the Director of Signals himself was able to tell me why Mercury's nickname is Jimmy. Personally, I suspect that it has some naval association with "Jimmy the One." Whatever the answer, the choice of Mercury for the emblem of the Royal Signals is very happy.

THE MEN OF A ROYAL SIGNALS O.C.T.U., with the aid of a model in the class-room, are being shown the points to look for when inspecting permanent telephone lines: The work of the Royal Corps of Signals extends from the War Office at home as far as the Battle Headquarters of Infantry and Paratroop battalions, Tank Regiments and Beach Signal Stations. Signal officers who have to provide and maintain communications for their Army formation must have technical knowledge plus wide knowledge of military organisation and tactics. Royal Signals cadets undergoing O.C.T.U. training do as many periods of Infantry training as the Infantry Cadets. Their obstacle and assault course is claimed to be the stiffest in the country

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

AMERICA IN BRITAIN

Scenes with the United States Service Men and Women Now Stationed in this Country

SIGHTSEEING IN LONDON. A group of American soldiers, newly arrived in this country, spend their first leave on a tour of the City by horse-drawn cart. This cheerful scene was witnessed a few days ago in Fleet Street

PARA-PUP "SALVO," WHO FLIES IN A MARAUDER, has his parachute adjusted before leaving for a raid: "Salvo" is just an ordinary fox terrier pup, except for two things—he flies in a Marauder medium bomber and bales out from 1,500 ft. Known to American airmen over here as 2nd Lieut. Salvo, serial number 000,000, the "flying pooch" belongs to 2nd Lieut. R. Fletcher, of Cleveland, Ohio, bombardier-navigator. No mere pleasure-flipper is one-year-old Salvo. This high-flying pup has nearly 300 hours in the air to his credit and has been as high as 18,000 ft. He has already been on two operational flights over Europe. He is a more experienced jumper than his master, for he has baled out three times to test his 'chute, while 2nd Lieut. Fletcher has yet to make his first jump from an aircraft

A NEW IDEA AMONGST AMERICAN BOMBER CREWS: These two airmen have painted the name and device of their bombers on to the back of their leather jackets. The man on the right has also indicated the number of sorties in which he has taken part over Europe. The picture was taken as both men were writing out their reports in the Interrogation Room after their return from a raid

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER IN LONDON MARRIES AN ENGLISH GIRL: Miss Betty Boston lives at Shepherd's Bush, London; a few days ago she was married to Walter Ridenhour, an American Technical Sergeant who comes from Coolemee, North Carolina. At the same time, Betty's sister Joan (a twenty-one-year-old W.A.A.F.) was married to Bomber-Pilot Raymond Denton (who comes from East Acton and who was awarded the D.F.C. for his part in the Hanover Raid). The weddings took place at St. Luke's Church, Shepherd's Bush. Betty and Walter are being wed, while Joan and Raymond look on

WITH THE U.S. WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN ENGLAND: A few months ago these women were in civilian employment in America, working in offices, large stores and beauty parlours: to-day they are thousands of miles from home, and in the U.S. Army. They are stationed at American aerodromes, helping their bomber and fighter crews to wage war against Hitler. This is a Fire Prevention Team at one of the aerodromes, coming off duty for a hot lunch in their quarters in camp

NEGRO TROOPS DELIGHT BRITISH ONLOOKERS AS THEY MARCH ALONG: Many of the coloured soldiers now in England cause considerable amusement by their method of marching. As they swing along, the troops sing snatches of song and chant in time with their marching: at moments, some of them suddenly leap into the air, still in unison with song and march—an improvised drill quite apart from the ordinary Army routine!

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE LIVES AND WORKS OF THE FAMOUS

An Autobiography by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes ; The Life of William Nicholson ; Soviet Russia from Within ; Modern Warfare and Modern Death

"A BOOK is an epistle written to unknown friends," quotes Mrs. Belloc Lowndes at the opening of her new volume of autobiography, WHERE LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP DWELT (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.). The book is a sequel to a former volume which dealt with her childhood, and describes what followed her return at the age of seventeen to her home in Saint Cloud, of the changes that had taken place there and of certain new friendships she then made.

The two things that emerge from this quiet, well-mannered autobiography are the exquisite restraint of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes as a writer and her intimate understanding of French character and French customs. The life of St. Cloud and in Paris of which she writes was bound and constricted by the conventions of the town, and yet in that rigid framework there was space for all the emotions of love, loyalty and near-despair.

To many people, the book's greatest interest will lie in the author's reminiscences about the famous writers whom she knew in her youth. For instance, "I had many long talks with George Moore on French literature. . . . As is well known, he strongly disliked all contemporary writers, whether French or English. Indeed, as a rule he even hated them more than he hated their books, which is indeed saying a great deal. When I was with him I used to feel glad I was not famous, as he would, in that case, have hated me, too. And of all the French writers for whom he had a lively hatred, he loathed Zola more than all the others."

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes herself says of Zola that "at the time he started his public advocacy of Dreyfus, and wrote his magnificent *J'Accuse*, he undoubtedly did Dreyfus far more harm than good in his own country," although she thought that that same advocacy had been a noble action, and one which for a time seriously affected the sale of his books.

Loti the writer describes as moving about among his acquaintances looking like a scoffing ghost, rather than a man of flesh and blood. "He was the only Frenchman I ever heard of who disliked Paris."

Miss Marguerite Steen has written an excellent and diverting biography of WILLIAM NICHOLSON (Collins. 16s.), in which she treats principally of the life, rather than of the work, of one of the greatest living English painters. As she explains, "To make phrases about William Nicholson's work is to insult it and to offend him. Painting which requires a vocabulary to explain it, in his own words fails of its purpose."

William Nicholson was brought up as a child in a prosperous Midlands family of manufacturers, who had none of the traditional suspicions about an artist's life, and allowed him at the age of sixteen to live in lodgings of his own and to study at the Herkomer school. It was about this time that young William's landlady objected to his adorning his walls with studies from the nude. "She invariably took them down while he was out, until he had the bright notion of cutting out little paper bathing-drawers, which he pinned on in the appropriate places—evidently satisfying her notions of propriety, for after this she left his works of art alone."

Another fascinating lady of the painter's acquaintance took a house in Bloomsbury at one time which was infested with mice, and "whenever a mouse was trapped, Mrs. Pryde rang for their Scotch maid and gave her her bus fare to Victoria, with instructions to let the mouse out at the station." It was the same lady who moved from that house eventually, because she spent most of her time knitting by the window, and declared that she could not bear to watch the people going by, in case they might be going to the British Museum reading-room

Whistler was a close friend of the young Nicholson's, as were Orpen and W. E. Henley. Nicholson's immense output of work has included, besides innumerable portraits and the still lifes of which he is an acknowledged master, such varying activities as the production of woodcuts, theatrical posters and the designs for the first costumes of *Peter Pan*.

There is endless entertainment in this book; endless material for quotation and endless reasons for recognising the vitality of Miss Steen's writing and the very real greatness of Sir William Nicholson's art.

There is a ring about the title, I AM A WOMAN FROM SOVIET RUSSIA (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), which gives one a pretty good idea of the contents of the book. Mrs. Barbara Moore-Pataleewa is indeed a Russian woman, although now married to an Englishman and living in England. Her autobiography is a lively and erratic piece of writing which might benefit many students of Russian problems.

The writer was born in Russia of well-to-do parents who lost their possessions after the October revolution. In spite of the Soviet regulations, which at that time forbade the children of aristocrats to study, she was allowed to do so, as she had run away from home when very young, not being in sympathy with the rather despotic views of her mother.

After finishing at the secondary school she was admitted to the University for medical training, and afterwards worked for Dr. Nansen's organisation which was feeding Russian students during the years of famine. After two years of this work the writer was, in her own words, involved in tragic happenings. She was arrested, but escaped with a false passport, with which she lived dangerously for years.

In another town she started afresh, entered the Institute for Engineering, took up motor-bicycling, and eventually became a Russian champion. Unfortunately, she was constantly in trouble with the OGPU, and although a gifted engineer, Pataleewa, married her in order to give her another name and save her in this way, it was of no avail. At one time she was arrested and sentenced to three years' imprisonment and started a month's hunger strike as a protest.

She was released from prison after three weeks of this manifestation, and when she wished to leave Russia she was obliged to sign a document promising never to return. On her trusty motor-bicycle, she went to London by way of Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Germany, Switzerland and France, and after that visited India in 1936. Just before this war she came to England again and married an Englishman.

Mrs. Moore-Pataleewa writes in the first instance with affection and what seems to be a real knowledge of the mentality, spirit and institutions of Soviet Russia. She is at pains to explain the workings of the Ogpu, with which she was unhappily familiar, and claims to have written this book for those English people who admire Russia and want unprejudiced information about it.

THE LEND-LEASE PACT WITH RUSSIA RENEWED. The signing at the Foreign Office of the third annual agreement for the provision of supplies between Britain, the United States, Canada and Russia

The annual protocol extending Lend-Lease arrangements for another year was signed a few days ago in London between the four countries concerned. The United Kingdom, United States and Canada have thus each undertaken to supply armaments, equipment, materials and foodstuffs to Russia ; and this is the third agreement of its kind. For the first time, Canada was a separate party, as a result of the recent Quebec Conference. From left to right above are seen the following—Mr. Vincent Massey, High Commissioner, signing on behalf of Canada ; Mr. Feodor Gusev, the new Soviet Ambassador, on behalf of Russia ; Mr. John G. Winant, the U.S. Ambassador ; and Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of Production.

Captain Cyril Falls has followed his excellent *The Nature of Modern Warfare* with a further volume, ORDEAL BY BATTLE (Methuen. 6s.), in which he discusses what Clausewitz calls the "art of war as a whole"; the ultimate realities which influence warfare throughout the Ages.

In an introduction which is both modest and lucid, Captain Falls writes that he had intended in this book to produce something in the round, something which should weld together our conceptions of "war" and "modern war," and show the philosophical as well as the physical relations of the latter to the former, of the part to the whole. He further explains that owing to the daily exigencies of work, he has not been able to achieve this, though to most readers, in my opinion, it will appear that this is indeed the "real book" which he intended.

For his new novel Mr. Rex Warner has used that technique of constructing a story by working back through the lives of a group of people. In this instance a soldier is killed in action. He comes back in spirit to find out the reason for his death, the reason for the war and the reason for his death in the war at that particular time. He goes to a cathedral where he finds a collection of fairly representative people. He puts his question to the priest, and the priest puts the case to a number of different people there.

As each gives his or her theory on what life means to them, and the reasons for the war and their own reactions to it, the soldier goes back into their different lives and sees by what development their present thoughts have been reached. Here are the opportunist war-worker, the realist, the old die-hard Army man, the woman who has lost her husband and her son, and the Communist. Finally, the soldier turns to the priest, who tells him to hold on to the fact that he and all of them "realise through this destruction the immense value and distinction of life."

WHY WAS I KILLED ? (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) might be called a provocative piece of writing, but it is not an original one. The same theme has been used before, particularly in play form. Here it starts with a question that can be worked out not imaginatively, but historically, and ends with the question repeated in a glorified and amiable discussion on the "sweetly thrilling" aspect of life.

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The Kitchen Front

NEVER was the kitchen front more important. We are to-day learning the supreme art of the cook, how to make a little go a long way, how to make something tasty and nourishing out of whatever may be available. Our food is increasingly a matter for thought and study—as it should be. Do we recognise what our kitchen front owes to the British chemist and the chemical industry? Look where you will — at your gas-cooker, for example. Coal-gas is the final product of elaborate chemical processes. Electricity in all its uses is the achievement as much of the chemist as of the physicist and electrical engineer, involving the combination of metallic alloys, the preparation of insulating materials, the synthesis of chemicals to form the working liquids in refrigerators, and the plastics for switches, adaptors and plug-sockets. The hand of the chemist is found at every turn — in our washing-soda, our bicarbonate of soda, baking powder, soap, salt and vitaminised margarine. The tinned and dried foods that form our emergency reserve or give us quickly-prepared meals depend for their purity, their keeping powers and even their containers upon processes discovered by chemical investigation. Every discovery that makes work on the kitchen front less of a drudgery, which helps to bring food to us in better condition and renders its preparation and preservation easier is due at some stage or other to the work of the research chemist and its development by the chemical industry.

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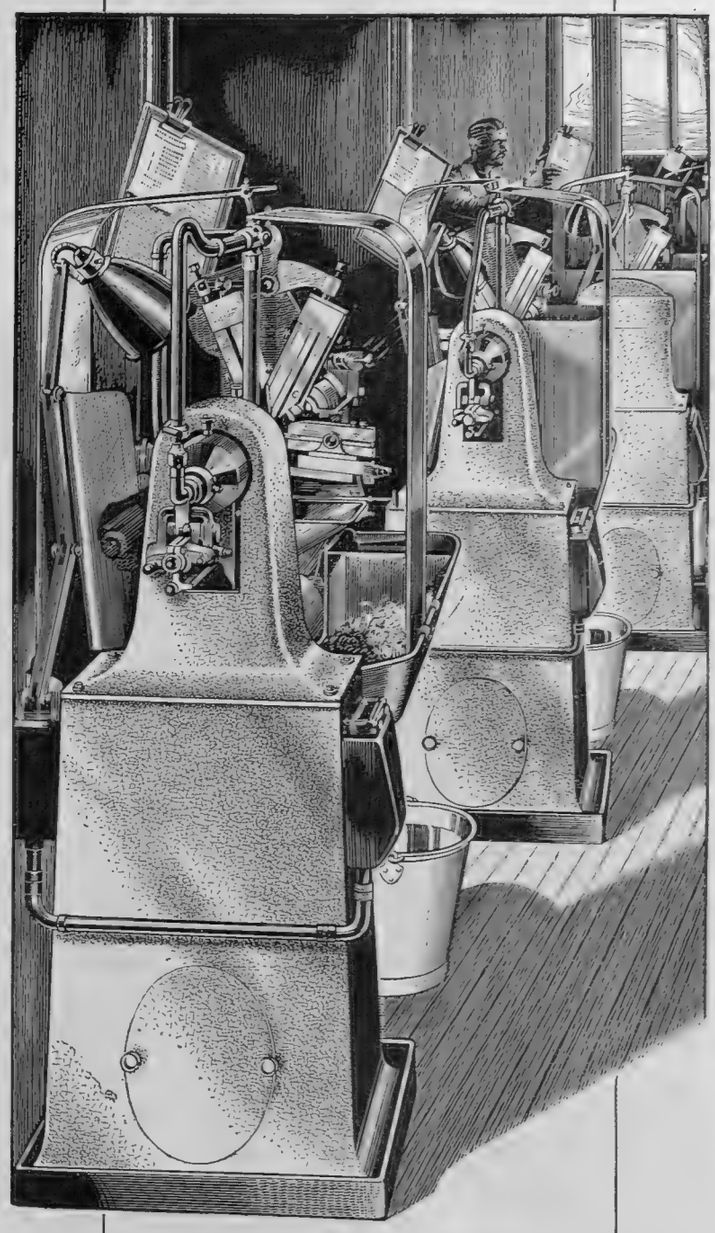

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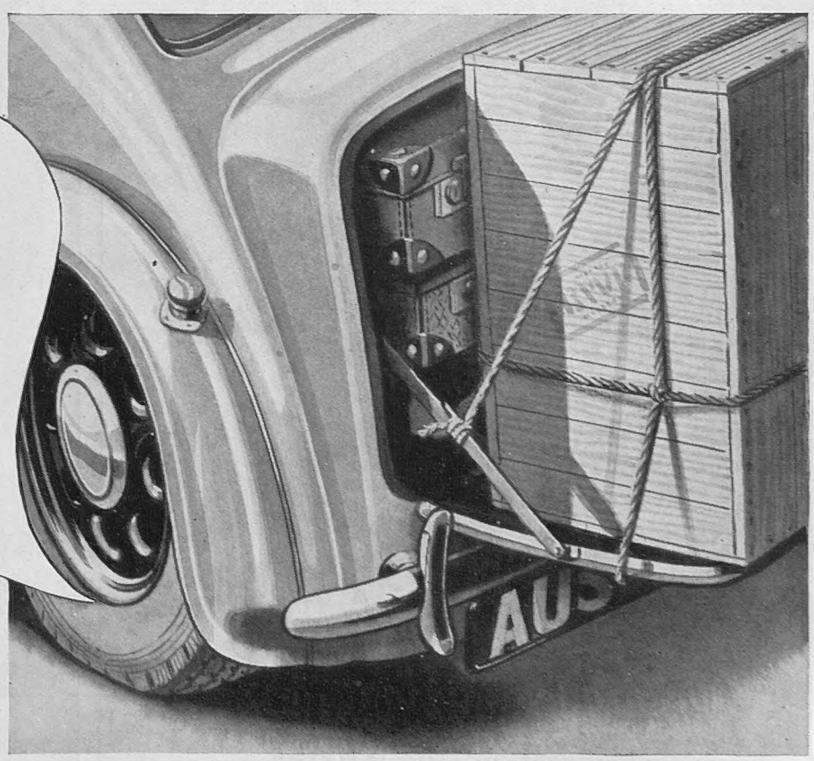

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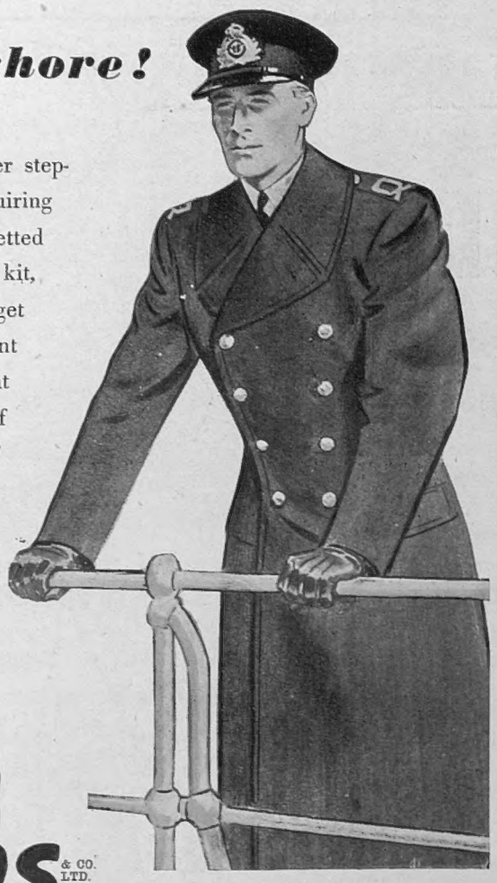

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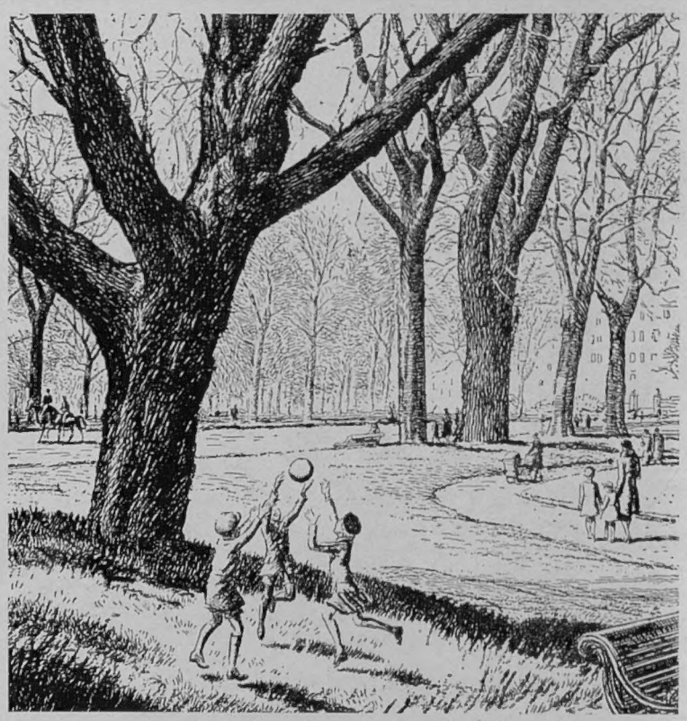

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Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

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by Escoffier

SAUCE ROBERT
SAUCE DIABLE

. . . and with the fruits of Victory. Sauce Melba—which made Pêche Melba famous.

Acknowledged as a better film

This film combines high speed and latitude in exposure with colour sensitivity, ensuring good results under all normal photographic conditions. Added to these qualities are correct gradation and fine grain, which enable even the beginner to obtain excellent contact prints, whilst enlargements can be made without any loss of definition.

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(REGD. TRADE MARK)

All available supplies of SPARKLETS BULBS are being distributed as equitably as possible. For the present, please "go easy with the soda" and return empty Bulbs promptly to your usual supplier.

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SOAP
LABOUR

You need less soap and fuel, your work is easier if you add a few drops of Scrubb's to the water when washing clothes, washing up, and washing floors, etc.

Every cleaning need in one bottle of

SCRUBB'S
CLOUDY AMMONIA
PER 1/6 BOTTLE

Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD-FASHIONED FLASK
Unsurpassed in quality, although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks
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STOP THAT COLD WITH
VAPEX
INHALANT
For the safe, quick, pleasant relief of Colds and Catarrh
Breathe the Vapour
Of all Chemists 2/3
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V222

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Loose Breasts, from 52/6
Pink, Silk or Net, Detachable straps.
Very low-back model, from 63/-
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Going full out on her war job has given her a splitting headache and jangled nerves. They will be worse to-morrow unless she takes care.

Relaxation

As soon as she gets home she must relax. But she cannot *really* relax if she lets that headache drag on. She cannot relax if she is nagged by her nerves. Two 'Genasprin' tablets will relieve her headache in no time and ensure deep, refreshing sleep when she goes to bed.

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'Genasprin' is absolutely pure and safe. It cannot harm the heart or digestion. There is no substitute for 'Genasprin'. Get some from your chemist to-day. 7d., 1/5d., 2/3d.

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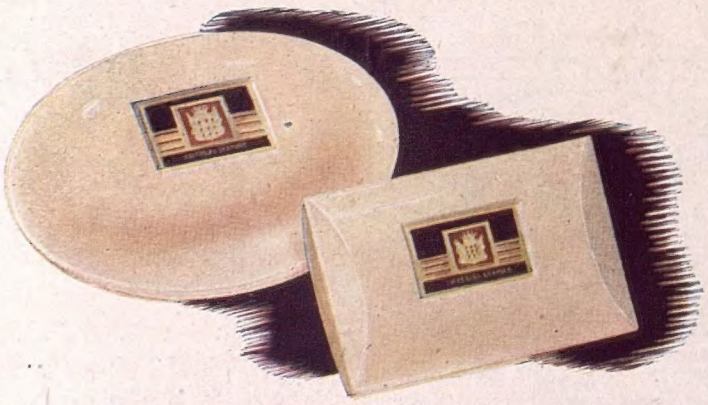
THE MASTER TOUCH . . .



The dress illustrated was created by Norman Hartnell from his own exclusive print. Posed by Mrs. Robert Nesbitt. Imperial Leather Toilet Soap created by Cussons.

IMPERIAL LEATHER

TOILET SOAPS CREATED FOR THE DISCRIMINATING BY Cussons OF MANCHESTER

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